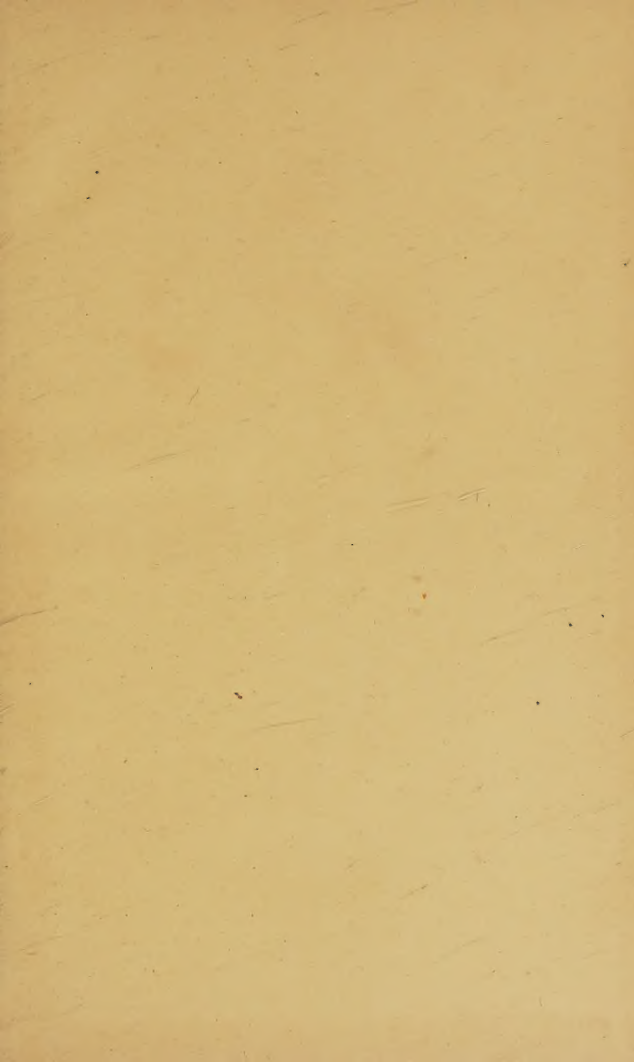


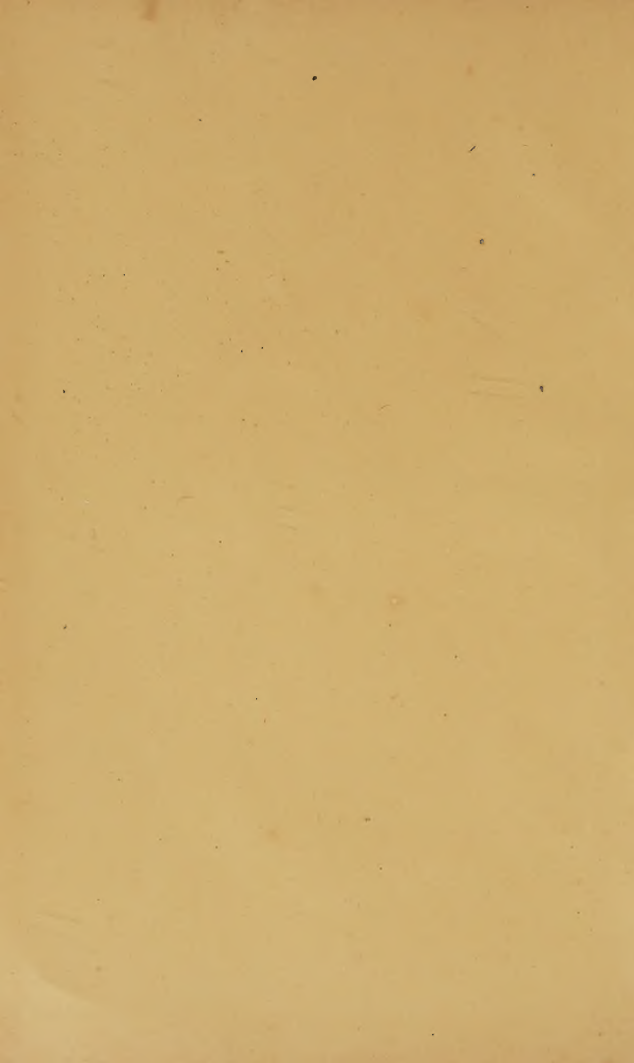
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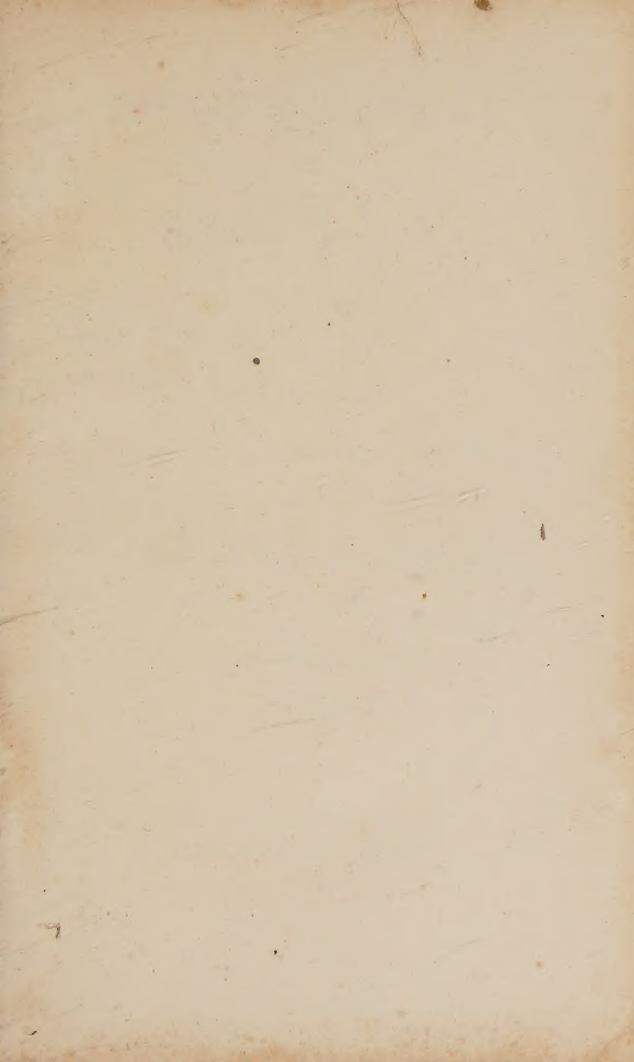


Hymnal

64







THE CHURCH HYMNAL.

A

Collection of Hymns,

FROM THE

PRAYER BOOK HYMNAL,

ADDITIONAL HYMNS,

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN,

AND

HYMNS FOR CHURCH AND HOME.

FOR

Use in Churches where licensed by the

BISHOP.

PHILADELPHIA;

RICHARD McCAULEY,

1869.

C47

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CONTENTS.

| | Hymn. |
|--|---------|
| Advent | 1— 16 |
| Christmas | 17— 26 |
| Epiphany | 27— 39 |
| Septuagesima, &c., | 40— 44 |
| Lent | 45— 58 |
| Passion Sunday | 59— 62 |
| Palm Sunday | 63— 66 |
| Holy Week, &c., | 67— 77 |
| Easter Even | 78 |
| Easter-tide | 79— 94 |
| Ascension | 95—100 |
| Whitsun tide | 101—113 |
| Trinity Sunday | 114—123 |
| Baptism | 124—130 |
| Confirmation | 131—135 |
| The Holy Communion | 136—142 |
| Ordination, &c., | 143—148 |
| The Laying of a Corner Stone | 149 |
| Consecration of a Church | 150—157 |
| General Hymns | 158—296 |
| The Lord's Day | 297—309 |
| Morning | 310—319 |
| Evening | 320—335 |
| Rogation Days | 336—337 |
| Ember Days | 338 |
| The Festivals | 339—368 |
| Thanksgiving Day | 369—378 |
| Fast Day | 379—382 |
| War | 383—384 |
| Famine | 385—386 |
| Pestilence | 387 |
| The Old and New Year , | 388—391 |
| Missions | 392—405 |
| Burial of the Dead | 406—413 |
| To be used at Sea | 414—418 |
| Hymns for Children | 419—427 |

Advent.

1.

III-5.

1 Lo ! HE comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain :
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of HIS train :

Hallelujah :

JESUS CHRIST shall ever reign !

2 See the JUDGE our nature wearing,
Pure, ineffable, divine :
See the great Archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign :
Cross of glory !

CHRIST, be in that moment mine !

3 Every eye shall now behold HIM,
Robed in awful majesty :
Those that set at naught, and sold HIM,
Pierced and nail'd HIM to the tree,
Deeply wailing,

Now the true MESSIAH see !

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore THEE
High on THINE eternal throne !
Lo ! they cast their crowns before THEE
And the kingdom is THINE own !

Men and angels

Kneel and bow to THEE alone !

2.

C. M.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound, the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On HIM the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts HIS sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 HE comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before HIM burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 HE comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 HE comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of HIS grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad *Hosannas*. Prince of peace,
THY welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With THY beloved name.

3.

III-3.

HAIL, THOU long expected JESUS,
 Born to set THY people free !
 From our sins and fears release us,
 Let us find our rest in THEE.

2 Israel's strength and consolation.

Hope of all the saints, THOU art ;
 Long desir'd of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born THY people to deliver,

Born a child, yet GOD our KING,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now THY gracious kingdom bring.

4 By THINE own eternal Spirit,

Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By THINE all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to THY glorious throne.



4.

III-1.

1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,

What its signs of promise are ?
 Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
 Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
 Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends !
 Traveller ! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn,
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie THEE to THY quiet home.
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the SON of GOD is come !



5.

III-3.

1 HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
 " CHRIST is nigh ! " it seems to say.
 " Cast away the works of darkness,
 O ye children of the day ! "

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
 CHRIST our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Rises in the morning skies.

3 Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
 Let us haste, in godly sorrow,
 Through His blood to be forgiven.

4 So when next HE comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 May we by HIS love be shielded !
 May HE to forgive draw near !



6.

III-3.

1 SEE, HE comes! whom every nation,
 Taught of GOD, desired to see,
 Filled with hope and expectation
 That HE would their SAVIOUR be.
 Sing! oh sing with exultation!
 Haste we to our FATHER's home!
 Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
 Now from heaven to earth are come!

2 See, HE comes! whom kings and sages,
 Prophets, patriarchs of old,
 Distant climes and countless ages,
 Waited eager to behold.
 Sing! oh sing with exultation!
 Haste we to our FATHER's home!
 Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,
 Now from heaven to earth are come!

3 See! the LAMB of GOD appearing!
 God of GOD, from heaven above!
 See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering
 His own Bride with words of love!
 Glory to the ETERNAL FATHER,
 Glory to the INCARNATE SON,
 Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT,
 Glory to the THREE IN ONE!



7.

C. M.

- 1 SING to the LORD a new-made song,
 Who wondrous things has done,
 With His right hand and holy arm,
 The conquest He has won.
- 2 The LORD has through th' astonish'd world,
 Display'd His saving might,
 And made His righteous acts appear
 In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their MAKER's praise.
- 4 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
 Into the concert bring
 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
 Before th' ALMIGHTY KING.

- 5 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.
- 6 Let floods and torrents clap their hands,
With joy their homage pay,
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey :
- 7 To welcome down the world's great JUDGE,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.



S.

C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, O LORD, THY sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid:
For, not in weakness clad THOU com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all THY FATHER's might,
His judgment to declare.
- 2 The terrors of that awful day,
Oh ! who can understand ?
Or who abide, when THOU in wrath
Shalt lift THY holy hand ?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
 The sun in heaven grow pale ;
 But THOU hast sworn, and wilt not change,
 THY faithful shall not fail.

- 3 Then grant us, SAVIOUR, so to pass
 Our time in trembling here,
 That when upon the clouds of heaven
 THY glory shall appear;
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,
 In triumph we may rise,
 And enter, with THINE angel train,
 THY palace in the skies.



9.

L. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the living LORD !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 To CHRIST, CREATOR, SAVIOUR, KING,
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
- 2 Hosanna, LORD ! THINE angels cry ;
 Hosanna, LORD ! THY saints reply :
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O SAVIOUR ! with protecting care
 Return to this, THY house of prayer :
 Assembled in THY sacred name,
 Here we THY parting promise claim.

- 4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
 ETERNAL ! bid THY Spirit rest ;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy THEE.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 THY flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.



10.

L. M.

- 1 O HEAVENLY WORD, Eternal Light,
 Begotten of the FATHER'S Might,
 Who, in these latter days, art born
 For succour to a world forlorn ;
- 2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
 And kindle with THINE own true love ;
 That we, who hear THY call to-day,
 May cast earth's vanities away.
- 3 And when as JUDGE THOU drawest nigh,
 The secrets of all hearts to try ;
 When sinners meet their awful doom,
 And saints attain their heavenly home ;
- 4 O let us not, for evil past,
 Be driven from Thy Face at last ;
 But with the blessed, evermore
 Behold Thee love Thee, and adore.

11.

II-3.

- 1 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel ;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the SON of GOD appear.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to THEE, O Israel !
- 2 O come, THOU Rod of Jesse, free
THINE own from Satan's tyranny ;
From depths of hell THY people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to THEE, O Israel !
- 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by THINE Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel !
- 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home ;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel !
- 5 O come, O come, Thou LORD of Might !
Who to THY tribes, on Sinai's height,

In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe..
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

**12.**

II-7.

1 GREAT GOD; what do I see and hear?

The end of things created:

The Judge of all men doth appear

On clouds of glory seated:

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before;

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in CHRIST are first to rise

At that last trumpet's sounding;

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their LORD surrounding;

No gloomy fears their souls dismay

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing;

In woe they rise, but all their tears

And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone;

Trembling they stand before His throne,

All unprepared to meet Him.

4 GREAT JUDGE, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending ;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending ;
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

**13.**

P. M.

- 1 Let me not, Thou King Eternal,
Enter hell's domain infernal !
Where is grieving, where is sadness,
Where is sorrow, where is madness,
Where despair is ever sighing,
Where the worm is never dying,
Where the shameless are astounded,
Where the guilty are confounded.
- 2 Me, may Zion welcome, savèd ;
Tranquil city, seat of David ;
God its builder, light immortal ;
Orient pearl each blazing portal ;
Crystal gold its streets ; the nation
Of the blest its population ;
Living rock the walls that bound it,
Christ the guard that dwells around it.
- 3 With what joyous gratulations
Throng Thy gates the festive nations !
What the warmth of their embracing !

What the gems Thy walls enchasing !
Through that city's streets are wending,
Holy throngs, their anthems blending ;
There may I, with myriads glorious,
Chant Thy praise in psalms victorious !

**14.**

P. M.

- 1 DAY of wrath ! that day of mourning !
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Lo ! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the Throne compelling.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall justice be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us.
- 9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution;
Ere that day of retribution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
- 13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

- 15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me,
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition ;
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping.
- 19 To the rest Thou didst prepare him
By Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him ;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

**15.**

L. M.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When shrivelling, like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

**16.**

III-3.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Jesus, now Thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 3 Show Thy power in every nation,
Oh thou Prince of peace and love,
Give the knowledge of Salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

Christmas.

17.

C. M.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day

"Is born, of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
"And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,

"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith,

Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song :

6 "All glory be to God on high,

"And to the earth be peace ;
"Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
"Begin and never cease."

18.

III-1.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.

2 CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
JESUS, our EMMANUEL.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healings in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,

Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.



19.

C. M.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.
- 2 To hail THY rising, Sun of life,
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For THOU our burden hast removed;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
THY fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 4 To us the promised child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd;
The Wonderful, the Councillor,
The mighty God and LORD.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard His throne above,
 And peace abound below.



20.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing!

Jerusalem triumphs, MESSIAH is KING.

1 ZION! the marvellous story be telling,
 The SON of the HIGHEST, how lowly His
 birth!

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 HE stoops to redeem thee, HE reigns upon
 earth.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing!

Jerusalem triumphs, MESSIAH is KING.

2 Tell how HE cometh, from nation to nation.
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
 round;
 How free to the faithful HE offers salvation,
 How His people with joy everlasting are
 crown'd.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing!

Jerusalem triumphs, MESSIAH is KING.

- 3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 Ye angels. the full hallelujah be singing,
 One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing!

Jerusalem triumphs, MESSIAH is KING.



21.

III-3.

- 1 HARK! what mean those HOLY voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Cherubs tell the wond'rous story,
 Joyous seraphim reply,
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to GOD most HIGH!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
 Loud our grateful harps shall sound.
- 4 "CHRIST is born, the great Anointed:
 Heaven and earth His Praises sing!
 Oh! receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore HIM;
 Learn HIS name to magnify,
 Till in heaven ye sing before HIM,
 Glory be to GOD most HIGH!"

22.

P. M.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the SAVIOUR of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of GOD INCARNATE, and the Virgin's SON.
- 2 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
This day hath GOD fulfilled HIS promised word,
This day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD.
- 3 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the BABE, WHO hath retrieved our
loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in HIS steps, assisted by HIS grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.
- 4 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
HE that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all HIS glory shall display;
Saved by HIS love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's ALMIGHTY KING.

23.

C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In Heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,
'Twas more than Heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with ecstasy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious angel throng.
- 6 Hail! Prince of life! forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

24.

III-5.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim MESSIAH's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born KING.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born KING.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born KING.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the LORD descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born KING.
- 5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,

Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born KING.

**25.**

L. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, Redeemer of our race,
THOU Brightness of the FATHER'S Face,
Of HIM, and with HIM ever One,
Ere times and seasons had begun.
- 2 THOU that art very LIGHT of LIGHT,
Unfading HOPE in sin's dark night,
Hear THOU the prayers THY people pray,
The wide world o'er this blessed day.
- 3 To-day, as year by year its light,
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
"Tis THOU hast saved us, THOU alone."
- 4 THOU from the FATHER'S throne didst come
To call HIS banished children Home;
And heaven, and earth, and sea, and shore,
HIS love who sent THEE here adore.
- 5 And gladsome too are we to-day
Whose guilt THY blood has washed away;
Redeemed, the new-made song we sing;
It is the birth-day of our KING.

26.

P. M.

- 1 COME, hither ! ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing !
Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread KING.
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord !
Oh, come ye, come hither
To worship the LORD !
- 2 True SON of the FATHER,
He comes from the skies ;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.
- 3 Hark, hark to the angels !
All singing in Heaven,
"To God in the highest,
All glory be given !"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.
- 4 To THEE, then, O JESUS.
This day of THY birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth :
True Godhead Incarnate !
Omnipotent Word !
Oh, come ! let us hasten
To worship the Lord !

Epiphany.

27.

II-6.

- 1 HAIL, to the LORD's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever:
 That Name to us is love.



28.

P. M.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us THINE aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on HIS cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
 Angels adore HIM in slumber reclining,
 MAKER, and MONARCH, and SAVIOUR of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield HIM in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning?
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us THINE aid!
 Star of the East the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

29.

II-5.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes!
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving pow'r remains—
Thy realm shall last, thy own MESSIAH reigns.



30.

III-5.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God Himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well belov'd.

3 GOD, thy GOD will now restore thee;
 HE HIMSELF appears thy FRIEND;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance
 Zion's KING will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy maker's favour blest:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.



31.

III-2.

1 As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright;
 So, most gracious LORD may we
 Evermore be led to THEE.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed;
 There to bend the knee before
 HIM Whom heaven and earth adore,
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring.
 CHRIST! to THEE our heavenly KING.

4 HOLY JESUS, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds THY glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 THOU its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 THOU its Sun which goes not down;
 There forever may we sing
 Alleluias to our KING.



32.

C. M.

1 THE people that in darkness sat
 A glorious Light have seen;
 The Light has shined on them who long
 In shades of death have been.

- 2 To hail THEE Son of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For THOU their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell,
Before the sword of God.
- 4 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a SON is given,
And on His Shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.
- 5 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.
- 6 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.
- 7 LORD JESUS, reign in us, we pray,
And make us THINE alone,
Who with the FATHER ever art,
And HOLY SPIRIT One.

33.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT star is this with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the KING,
And Gentiles to HIS cradle bring.
- 2 See now fulfilled what GOD decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wond'rous vision gaze.
- 3 The guiding star above is bright,
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the Giver of the Sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, father-land, and all
They leave at their Creator's call.
- 5 O JESU! while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use.
- 6 All glory, JESU, be to THEE
For this THY glad Epiphany;
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

34.

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world, the LORD is come!
Let earth receive her KING;
Let every heart prepare HIM room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the SAVIOUR reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

**35.**

III-3.

- 1 EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excell;
Out of Thee the LORD from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.
- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
 Make oblations rich and rare;
 See them give, in deep devotion,
 Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :
 Incense doth their God disclose,
 Gold, the KING of kings proclaimeth,
 Myrrh, His sepulchre foreshows.

5 JESU, whom the Gentiles worshiped,
 At THY glad Epiphany,
 Unto THEE, with GOD the FATHER
 And the SPIRIT, glory be.



36.

III-2.

1 GOD of mercy, GOD of grace,
 Shew the brightness of THY Face;
 Shine upon us, SAVIOUR shine,
 Fill THY Church with light divine;
 And THY saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise THEE, LORD;
 Let THY love on all be poured;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their SAVIOUR KING;
 At THY feet their tribute pay,
 And THY Holy Will obey.

3 Let the people praise THEE, LORD;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford;
 God to man His blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love.



37

III-3.

- 1 ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
 Voice of joy that cannot die;
 ALLELUIA is the anthem
 Ever dear to choirs on high;
 In the house of GOD abiding,
 Thus they sing eternally.

- 2 ALLELUIA thou resoundest,
 True Jerusalem and free;
 ALLELUIA, joyful Mother,
 All thy children sing with thee;
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.

- 3 ALLELUIA cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 ALLELUIA, our transgressions
 Make us for a while forego;
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.

- 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray THEE,
 Grant us Blessed TRINITY,
 At the last to keep THINE Easter,
 In our Home beyond the sky:
 There to THEE for ever singing
 ALLELUIA joyfully.



38.

S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Sion's hill;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice:
 How sweet their tidings are:
 "Sion, behold thy SAVIOUR KING.
 "HE reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light:
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ:
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The LORD makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their SAVIOUR and their GOD.

**39.**

C. M.

- 1 O'er mountain tops the mount of GOD
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow,
Up to the mount of GOD, they'll say,
And to His House we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The KING who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations HE shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

Septuagesima.

40.

L. M.

- 1 CREATOR of the world, to THEE
An endless rest of joy belongs;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing on high their festal songs.
- 2 But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come;
And how can we in exile drear
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of Home?
- 3 O FATHER! Who dost promise still
That they who mourn shall blessed be;
Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
That banish us so long from THEE:
- 4 But weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon THY loving care;
Till THOU restore us, with the blest,
Their songs of praise in heaven to share.



41.

L. M.

- 10 LORD, in perfect bliss above
THOU couldst not need created love;
And yet THOU didst THY power display,
And earth's foundations firmly lay.

- 2 Things that were not, at THY command,
In perfect form before THEE stand;
And all to their CREATOR raise
A wond'rous harmony of praise.
- 3 But even while the world came forth
In all the beauty of its birth,
In THY deep thought THOU didst behold
Another world of nobler mould.
- 4 For THOU didst will that CHRIST should frame
A new creation by HIS Name;
Its seed, the living word of grace,
HE scatters wide in every place;
- 5 Its home, when time shall be no more,
In Heaven with THEE for ever more;
Accepted in THY boundless love,
To share HIS throne and joy, above.
- 6 O FATHER, bless, for they are Thine,
O SON, direct in love divine,
O HOLY GHOST, with grace endue
The old creation and the new.



42.

L. M.

- 1 How blest were they who walked in love
With CHRIST, while yet HE dwelt above;
A righteous band, sustained by grace;
The fathers of the faithful race.

- 2 O who can tell as should be told
The praises of those men of old;
Their patient faith, their longing sighs
Of hope uplifted to the skies?
- 3 Strangers and pilgrims here below
They deemed the world an empty show:
To purer joys their hearts were given,
The better land they sought was Heaven.
- 4 The soul that truly cleaves to God
Still longs to gain that blest abode:
O CHRIST, forbid our souls to roam,
And fix them on our own true Home.

**43.**

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of GOD above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show,
How GOD Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

- 4 The moon above, the church below,
 A wondrous race they run :
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The SAVIOUR lends the light and heat,
 That crown His holy hill ;
 The saints, like stars, around His seat
 Perform their courses still.
- 6 THOU, Who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out THEE,
 And read THEE everywhere.



44.

II-1.

- 1 GREAT mover of all hearts, Whose Hand
 Doth all the secret springs command
 Of human thought and will,
 THOU, since the world was made, dost bless
 THY saints with fruits of holiness,
 Their order to fulfill.
- 2 Faith, hope, and love, here weave one chain ;
 But love alone shall then remain
 When this short day is gone :
 O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
 When shall we see THY Sabbath bright
 With all our labours done ?

- 3 We sow 'mid perils here and tears ;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown ;
GREAT THREE in ONE, the increase give ;
These gifts of grace by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown.

45.

Lent.

L. M.

- 1 Lo ! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the LORD.
- 2 For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto ;
Not willing that the soul should die
Though great its past iniquity.
- 3 Then let us all with earnest care
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above ;
- 4 That HE may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the angel band
For ever in the Heavenly Land.
- 5 Blest THREE in ONE and ONE in THREE,
Almighty GOD we pray to THEE,
That THOU wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.
- \

46.

L. M.

- 1 MY GOD permit me not to be,
A stranger to myself and THEE;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
THY grace, O LORD, can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.



47.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to THEE,
O burst its bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as THOU, my LORD, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be THOU my light, be THOU my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm while THOU, my GOD, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 JESUS, THY timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 SAVIOUR! where'er THY steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow THEE:
 O let THY hand support me still,
 And lead me to THY holy hill.



48.

III-5.

1 JESUS, LORD, we kneel before THEE,
 Bend from Heaven THY gracious ear,
 While our waiting souls adore THEE,
 Friend of helpless sinners hear!
 By THY mercy,
 O deliver us, good LORD!

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By THY mercy,
 O deliver us, good LORD!

3 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
 In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By THY mercy,
 O deliver us, good LORD!

- 4 JESUS, may THY promised blessing,
Comfort to our souls afford;
May we now THY love possessing
Find at last the great reward;
By THY mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!



49.

III. 3.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 3 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy streaming in His blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 4 LORD, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on THEE,
'Till I taste THY whole salvation,
And unveiled THY glories see.

50

C. M.

- 1 ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy fast to keep ;
And now within the temple walls,
Both priest and people weep.
- 2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.
- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O GOD, our JUDGE and FATHER, deign,
To spare the bruised reed ;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest THREE in ONE, to THEE we bow ;
Vouchsafe us in THY love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.

51.

II-4.

- 1 O THOU who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward ;
THOU hope of all our race ;
JESUS, to THEE we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek THY Face.
- 2 With self-accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought and word and deed :
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again,
From every burden freed.
- 3 If THOU reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live ?
'Tis THINE alone to spare :
With cleansèd hearts to pray aright,
And find acceptance in THY sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.
- 4 'Tis THOU hast blest this solemn fast ;
So may its days by us be passed
In self-control severe,
That when our EASTER MORN we hail,
Its mystic feast we may not fail,
To keep with conscience clear.
- 5 O Blessèd TRINITY, bestow
THY pardoning grace on us below,

And shield us evermore;
Until within THY courts above,
We see THY Face, and sing THY love,
And with THY saints adore.



52.

S. M.

1 HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As THOU wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
THY wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 The joy THY favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And THY free SPIRIT'S firm support
My fainting soul sustain.



53.

C. M.

1 LORD, when we bend before THY throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from THEE
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly THINE.
- 4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.
- 5 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST to THEE,
While endless ages run.



54.

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt His Name ;
When in distress to HIM I called,
HE to my rescue came.

- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear,
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.



55.

L. M.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 HE, Who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The SAVIOUR and the Friend of man.
- 3 JESUS, Who suffered here below,
Feels sympathy with human woe,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His prayers, His agonies.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the Throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.



56.

II-2.

- 1 God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In Him undaunted we'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high!
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs,
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While His Almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For Him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

57.

P. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the LAMB of GOD !
O THOU for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That THOU hast died ;
THEE for my SAVIOUR let me take,
My only refuge let me make
THY piercèd Side.

- 2 Behold the LAMB of GOD !
Into the sacred flood
Of THY most precious Blood
My soul I cast :
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

- 3 Behold the LAMB of GOD !
All hail, Incarnate Word,
THOU Everlasting LORD,
SAVIOUR most blest ;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all THY blessèd Saints,
Eternal rest.

- 4 Behold the LAMB of GOD !
Worthy is HE alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of GOD above ;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love.

58.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, turn not THY Face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before THY mercy-gate ;
- 2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, LORD,
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here ;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 With favour LORD look down on me,
Who THY relief implore ;
As THOU art wont to visit those
Who THY blest Name adore.
- 5 O let THY tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid ;
According to THY promise LORD,
To me, THY servant, made !
- 6 MERCY, Good LORD mercy I ask ;
This is my humble prayer ;
For mercy, LORD is all my suit.
O let THY mercy spare.

The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

(Sometimes called Passion Sunday.)

59.

L. M.

- 1 THE Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where HE in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.
- 2 There whilst HE hung, His sacred Side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of Water mingled with His Blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How GOD, the heathen's KING should be,
For GOD is reigning from the tree.
- 4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those Holy Limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a SAVIOUR's Blood.
- 5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
HE weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but HE could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 6 To THEE, Eternal THREE in ONE,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the Cross THOU dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

60.

L. M.

- 1 WE sing the praise of HIM Who died,
Of HIM Who died upon the Cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, "God is Love ,
HE bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away. :
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.
- 6 To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace,
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever, and for evermore.

61.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His Blood.
- 3 See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.
- 5 To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace,
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,
 Be praise from all the ransomed race,
 For ever, and for evermore.



62.

III-3

- 1 Now, my soul, THY voice upraising,
 Tell in sweet and mournful strain,
 How the Crucified, enduring
 Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,

Freely of His love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid Stripes HE heals us,
Raising us to fall no more ;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3 See! His Hands and Feet are fastened ;
So HE makes His people free :
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing
But a Fount of Grace shall be ;
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the Tree.

4 Through His Heart the spear is piercing.
Though His foes have seen Him die ;
Blood and Water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

5 JESUS, may those precious Fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford ;
Let them be our cup and Healing,
And at length our full Reward ;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise THEE, its Redeeming LORD.

The Sunday next before Easter.

(Sometimes called Palm Sunday.)

63.

III-4.

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All His raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoil He bears?

2 'Tis the SAVIOUR, now victorious,
Trav'ling onward in His might;
'Tis the SAVIOUR, O how glorious
To His people is the sight!
Satan conquer'd, and the grave.
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, Reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what THOU hast done!
THOU hast fought THY people's foes;
THOU hast heal'd thy people's woes!

64.

II-6.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To THEE, Redeemer, KING!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

1 THOU art the KING of Israel,
THOU David's Royal Son,
Who in the LORD's Name comest,
The KING and Blessed One.
All glory, &c.

2 The company of Angels
Are praising THEE on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

3 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before THEE went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before THEE we present.
All glory, &c.

4 To THEE before THY Passion
They sang their hymns of praise,
To THEE now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

5 THOU didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest
THOU good and gracious KING.
All glory, &c.

65.

L. M.

- 1 RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O SAVIOUR meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O CHRIST, THY triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The FATHER on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed SON.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die :
Bow THY meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O GOD, THY Power, and reign.



66.

III-8.

- 1 HAIL, THOU once despised JESUS,
Hail, THOU Gallilean KING ;
THOU didst suffer to release us ;
THOU didst free salvation bring !

Hail, THOU agonizing SAVIOUR,
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By THY merit find we favour;
 Life is given through THY name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by GOD appointed,
 All our sins on THEE were laid;
 By Almighty love anointed,
 THOU hast full atonement made.
 All THY people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of THY blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven,—
 Man is reconciled to GOD.

3 JESUS, low we bow before THEE,
 Mediator glorified!
 All the heavenly hosts adore THEE,
 Seated at THY FATHER's side;
 There for sinners THOU art pleading,—
 There THOU dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
 THOU art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, never ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our SAVIOUR's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Hymns for the Holy Week and Good Friday.

67.

III-4.

1 HE Who once in righteous vengeance
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With His own most precious Blood;
Coming from His Throne on high,
On the painful Cross to die.

2 O the wisdom of th' Eternal!
 O the depth of love divine!
O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in JESUS CHRIST did shine!
We were sinners doomed to die;
JESUS paid the penalty.

3 When before the JUDGE we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws,
May the Blood of His atonement
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause,
Bid our guilty terrours cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

4 PRINCE and Author of Salvation,
 LORD of Majesty supreme,
JESU, praise to THEE be given
 By the world THOU didst redeem,
Glory to the FATHER be,
And the SPIRIT One with Three.

68 HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND
GOOD FRIDAY.

68.

III-2.

1 SION'S Daughter, weep no more,
Though thy troubled heart be sore ;
HE of Whom the Psalmist sung,
HE Who woke the Prophet's tongue,
CHRIST, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

2 In a garden man became,
Heir of sin, and death, and shame ;
JESUS in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins ;
Through HIS hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.

3 There for us HE intercedes ;
There with GOD the FATHER pleads ;
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting Day
HE may wipe our tears away.

4 Therefore to HIS Name be given
Glory both in earth and heaven ;
To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND 69
GOOD FRIDAY.

69.

II-6.

1 O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er THEE,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore THEE,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see THY strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving THEE of life;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
JESU, all grace supplying,
O turn THY Face on me.

3 In this THY bitter passion,
Good SHEPHERD, think of me
With THY most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath THY Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest ;
In THY dear love confiding,
And with THY presence blest.

70 HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND
GOOD FRIDAY.

70.

II-7.

- 1 O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning;
Upon the Crucified one look
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.
- 2 Look on HIS Head, that bleeding Head,
With crown of thorns surrounded;
Look on HIS sacred Hands and Feet,
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See every Limb with scourges rent:
On HIM, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!
- 3 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction;
None ever felt a grief like HIS
In that dread Crucifixion:
For us HE bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes
In oft-renewed infliction.
- 4 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation;
Had JESUS never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation?

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND 71
GOOD FRIDAY.

- 5 LORD, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
JESU, we thank THEE, and entreat
To rest forever at THY Feet,
THY heavenly glory sharing.



71.

III-2.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with HIM one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall;
View the LORD of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall;
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of HIM to bear the Cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His Feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear HIM cry;
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

72 HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND
GOOD FRIDAY.

72.

111.

- 1 SEE the destined day arise!
See, a willing Sacrifice,
JESUS, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful Cross!
- 2 JESU, who but THOU had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing THY life of woe?
- 3 Who but THOU had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?
- 4 Thence the cleansing Water flowed,
Mingled from THY Side with Blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.
- 5 Holy JESU, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.



73.

L. M.

- 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile,
O come ye to the SAVIOUR's side;
O come together let us mourn;
JESUS our LORD, is crucified.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND 73
GOOD FRIDAY.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed;
His Throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing Eyes are dimmed with Blood;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 5 Come let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the Blood from out His Side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied;
LORD JESUS, may we love and weep,
Since THOU for us art crucified.



74

C. M.

- 1 ANGELS, lament; behold, your GOD
Man's sinful likeness wears;
Behold, upon the accursed tree
Man's sins the SAVIOUR bears.

74 HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND
GOOD FRIDAY.

- 2 O CHRIST, with wondering minds we see
What mighty love was THINE ;
Did GOD consent to suffer thus,
And, oh, shall man repine !
- 3 No SAVIOUR, no ! the power of death
Thy Cross hath overcome,
To save us, not from earthly woe,
But from th' eternal doom.
- 4 The flesh may shrink, but we submit,
Whate'er our Cross may be,
So THOU by grace enable us
To bear it after THEE.
- 5 THY stripes have healed us, and THY Blood
Our guilty stains effaced ;
Then may THY name, by sins of ours
Be never more disgraced.



75.

II-6.

- 1 OH, sacred head, now wounded !
With grief and shame weighed down
Oh, sacred brow surrounded
With thorns THY only crown !
Oh, sacred head what glory,
What bliss till now was THINE !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call THEE mine.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND 75
GOOD FRIDAY.

2 On me, as THOU art dying,
Oh, turn THY pitying eye!
To THEE for mercy crying,
Before THY Cross I lie.
THY grief and THY compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise THEE dearest Friend,
For this THY dying sorrow,
THY pity without end!
Oh, make me THINE for ever,
And should I fainting be,
LORD let me never, never,
Outlive my love to THEE.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Oh show THY Cross to me!
And to my succor flying,
Come, LORD, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From THINE eyes shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through THY love.



1 SAVIOUR, when in dust, to THEE
Low we bow th' adoring knee,

76 HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND
GOOD FRIDAY.

When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes :
O, by all THY pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from THY throne on high
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By THY birth and early years,
By THY human griefs and fears,
By THY fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness :
By THY vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle temper's pow'r
JESUS, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By THINE hour of dark despair,
By THINE agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By THY wounds—THY crown of thorn,
By THY Cross—thy pangs and cries ;
By THY perfect sacrifice ;
JESUS, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By THY deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By THY triumph o'er the grave,
By THY pow'r from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended LORD,
To THY Throne in heav'n restor'd,
Prince and SAVIOUR, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY WEEK AND 77
GOOD FRIDAY.

77.

P. M.

- 1 At the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where HE hung, the dying LORD;
For her soul of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.
- 2 Oh, how sad and sore distressèd,
Now was she that Mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.
- 3 Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?
- 4 For HIS people's sins chastisèd
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw HIM then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till HIS Spirit HE resigned.
- 5 JESU, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeeming kind,
That my heart, fresh ardour gaining
And a purer love attaining,
May with THEE acceptance find.

Easter Even.

78.

III-1.

1 RESTING from HIS work to-day
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay ;
Still HE slept, from Head to Feet,
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching lone the Magdalene ;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried LORD was laid.

3 So with THEE till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew THEE, LORD, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but THOU may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till the LORD appear again.

Easter Day.

79.

III-1.

- 1 CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply !
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won :
JESUS' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
CHRIST has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids HIM rise,
CHRIST hath opened paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like HIM, like HIM we rise,—
Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies.



80.

III-1.

- 1 CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day ;
Christians haste your vows to pay ;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead ;
"CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry ;
Now HE lives, no more to die.

2 CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,
 Man to GOD hath reconciled;
 Whilst in strange and awful strife
 Met together Death and Life.
 Christians, on this happy day
 Haste with joy your vows to pay;
 "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry;
 Now HE lives, no more to die.

3 CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,
 Now the first-born from the dead,
 Throned in endless might and power,
 Lives and reigns for evermore.
 Hail! eternal Hope on high!
 Hail! THOU KING of Victory!
 Hail! THOU Prince of life adored!
 Help and save us, gracious LORD.

**St.**

L. M.

1 LIGHT's glittering morn bedecks the sky,
 Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry,
 The glad earth shouts her triumph high,
 And groaning hell makes wild reply;

2 While HE, the KING, the mighty KING,
 Despoiling death of all its sting,
 And trampling down the powers of night,
 Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

- 3 His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.
- 4 The pains of hell are loosed at last;
The days of mourning now are past;
An Angel robed in light hath said,
"The LORD is risen from the dead."
- 5 O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
THINE own redeemed for ever shield.
- 6 All praise be THINE, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally.



S2.

III-1.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday;
Who did once upon the Cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto CHRIST our heav'nly KING;
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which HE endured
 Our salvation have procured ;
 Now above the sky HE'S KING,
 Where the angels ever sing.
 Alleluia !

4 Now be GOD the FATHER prais'd,
 With the SON from death uprais'd,
 And the SPIRIT, ever blest ;
 One true GOD, by all confess'd.
 Alleluia !



S3.

III-2.

- 1 CHRIST is risen ! CHRIST is risen !
 Tell it with a joyful voice,
 HE has burst His three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;
 Death is vanquish'd, man is free,
 CHRIST has won the victory.
- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
 Over deeds in darkness done,
 Weary fast and vigil keeping,
 Brightly breaks their Easter Sun ;
 CHRIST has borne our sins away,
 CHRIST has conquer'd hell to-day.
- 3 CHRIST is risen ! CHRIST is risen !
 HE has oped the eternal gate ;
 We are loos'd from sins dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state,
 Where a brightening Easter beam
 On our longing eye shall stream.

84.

III-1.

- 1 AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd Side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.
- 2 Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we CHRIST, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath THEE lie;
THOU hast conquered in the fight,
THOU hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
THOU hast opened Paradise,
And in THEE THY saints shall rise.
- 4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do THOU set free
Souls new-born, O LORD, in THEE,

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen LORD, to THEE we raise ;
Holy FATHER praise to THEE
With the SPIRIT ever be.



85.

III-1.

- 1 CHRIST, the LORD is risen again ;
CHRIST hath broken every chain ;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high.

Alleluia !

- 2 HE, Who gave for us HIS life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal LAMB to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say.

Alleluia !

- 3 HE, Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and bears our cry ;

Alleluia !

- 4 HE, Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the LAMB is KING of kings.

Alleluia !

5 NOW HE bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we too, may enter heaven.
 Alleluia!

6 THOU, our Paschal LAMB indeed,
 CHRIST, THY ransomed people feed:
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 Let us sing by night and day
 Alleluia!



86.

L. M.

- 1 THE LAMB's high banquet called to share,
 Arrayed in garments white and fair,
 Our Red Sea past, we fain would sing
 To JESUS our triumphant KING.
- 2 Upon the altar of the Cross
 His Body hath redeemed our loss;
 And, tasting of His crimson Blood,
 Our life is hid with HIM in God.
- 3 Protected in the Paschal night
 From the destroying angel's might,
 In triumph went the ransomed free
 From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.
- 4 NOW CHRIST our Passover is slain,
 The LAMB of GOD without a stain;
 His Flesh, the true unleavened Bread,
 Is freely offered in our stead.

- 5 O all-sufficient Sacrifice !
Beneath THEE, hell defeated lies ;
THY captive people are set free,
And crowns of life restored by THEE.
- 6 We hymn THEE rising from the grave,
From death returning, strong to save ;
THINE own Right Hand the tyrant chains,
And Paradise for man regains.
- 7 All praise be THINE, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored ;
All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



87.

II-1.

- 1 COME see the place where JESUS lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
“HE lives, Who once was slain :
Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?
Remember how the SAVIOUR said
That HE would rise again.”
- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
HE rose, and left the grave !
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,
For us HE rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like HIM shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their KING.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For JESUS will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in THEE we live,
To THEE our ransomed souls we give,
To THEE our bodies trust.



SS.

III-1.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death yield up the mighty prey!
See, the SAVIOUR quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day.

3 Holy FATHER, Holy SON,
Holy SPIRIT, Three in One,
Glory as of old to THEE,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day.



89.

C. M.

- 1 YE Choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.
- 2 For Judah's Lion bursts HIS chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud, through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.
- 3 Devouring depth of hell their prey
At HIS command restore;
HIS ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where JESUS goes before.
- 4 Triumphant in HIS glory now
To HIM all power is given;
To HIM in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.
- 5 While we, HIS soldiers, praise our KING,
His mercy we implore,
Within HIS palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the FATHER be ;
 All glory to the SON ;
 All glory, HOLY GHOST, to THEE,
 While endless ages run,



90.

P. M.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !

- 1 The strife is o'er, the battle done ;
 The triumph of the LORD is won ;
 O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia !
- 2 The powers of death have done their worst ;
 And JESUS hath His foes dispersed ;
 Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia !
- 3 On that third morn HE rose again
 In glorious majesty to reign ;
 O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia !
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
 Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Alleluia !
- 5 LORD, by the stripes which wounded THEE,
 From death's dread sting THY servants free,
 That we may live, and sing to THEE
Alleluia !

91.

C. M.

- 1 SINCE CHRIST our Passover is slain,
 A sacrifice for all,
 Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
 To keep the festival:
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
 Of sin and malice fed;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 CHRIST being raised by Pow'r Divine,
 And rescued from the grave,
 Shall die no more; death shall on Him
 No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
 HE once vouchsafed to die:
 But that HE lives, HE lives to GOD
 For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
 But graciously restored,
 And made, henceforth, alive to GOD,
 Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.



92.

P. M.

- 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appall us;
 JESUS lives! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
- Alleluia!

2 JESUS lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of Life immortal,
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

3 JESUS lives! for us HE died;
 Then, alone to JESUS living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
 Alleluia!

4 JESUS lives! our hearts know well
 Nought for us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!

5 JESUS lives! to HIM the Throne
 Over all the world is given:
 May we go where HE is gone,
 Rest and reign with HIM in Heaven.
 Alleluia!



93.

C. M.

1 CHRIST from the dead is raised, and made
 The First-Fruits of the tomb;
 For, as by man came death, by man
 Did resurrection come.

- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind,
 Did guilt and death derive;
 So, by the righteousness of CHRIST,
 Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risèn are with CHRIST,
 Seek only how to get
 The things which are above, where CHRIST
 At God's right hand is set.



94.

II-6.

- 1 THE Day of Resurrection!
 Earth, tell it out abroad;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our CHRIST hath brought us over
 With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The LORD, in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail," and hearing
 May raise the victor strain.

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
And earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein ;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For CHRIST the LORD is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Ascension.

95.

L. M.

- 1 OUR LORD is risen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led.
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as His right ;
Receive the KING of Glory in
- 4 “ Who is the KING of Glory, who ? ”
The LORD that all his foes o'ercame.
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And JESUS is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

6 "Who is the KING of Glory, who?"
 The LORD of boundless power possess'd,
 The KING of saints and angels too,
 GOD over all, for ever bless'd.



96.

III-1

- 1 HAIL the day that sees HIM rise
 To HIS Throne above the skies;
 CHRIST, the Lamb for sinners given,
 Enters now the highest heaven.
- 2 There for HIM high triumph waits ;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 He hath conquered death and sin,
 Take the KING of Glory in.
- 3 Lo, the heaven its LORD receives,
 Yet HE loves the earth HE leaves ;
 Though returning to HIS Throne,
 Still he calls mankind His own.
- 4 See HE lifts HIS hands above ;
 See HE shows the prints of love ;
 Hark, His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on HIS Church below.

- 5 Still for us HE intercedes,
His prevailing death HE pleads,
Near HIMSELF prepares our place,
HE the first-fruits of our race.
- 6 LORD, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking THEE above the skies.



97.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD most High Eternal KING,
By THEE redeemed THY praise we sing,
The bands of death are burst by THEE,
And Grace has won the victory.
- 2 Ascending to the FATHER's Throne
THOU claim'st the kingdom as THINE own;
THY days of mortal weakness o'er,
All power is THINE for evermore.
- 3 To THEE the whole creation now
Shall in its threefold order, bow,
Of things on earth, and things on high,
And things that underneath us lie.
- 4 In awe and wonder angels see
How changed is man's estate by THEE,
How Flesh, makes pure, as flesh did stain,
And THOU, true GOD, in Flesh doth reign.

- 5 Be THOU our Joy, O mighty LORD,
 As THOU wilt be our great Reward;
 Let all our glory be in THEE
 Both now and through eternity.
- 6 All praise from every heart and tongue
 To THEE, ascended LORD, be sung;
 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST, eternally.

**98.**

L. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod
 The winepress of the wrath of GOD,
 Ascend and claim again on high;
 THY glory left for us to die.
- 2 A radiant cloud is now THY seat,
 And earth lies stretched beneath THY feet;
 Ten thousand thousands round THEE sing,
 And share the triumph of their KING.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
 "Lift up your heads eternal gates!"
 O GOD-and-MAN! the FATHER's Throne
 Is now for evermore THINE own.
- 4 Our Great High Priest and Shepherd THOU
 Within the vail art entered now,
 To offer there THY precious Blood
 Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

- 5 And thence the Church, THY Chosen Bride,
 With countless gifts of grace supplied.
 Through all her members draws from THEE
 Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O CHRIST, our LORD, of THY dear care
 THY lowly members heaven-ward bear;
 Be ours with THEE to suffer pain,
 With THEE for evermore to reign.
- 7 All praise from every heart and tongue
 To THEE ascended LORD be sung;
 And praise to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST eternally.



99.

S. M.

- 1 THOU art gone up on high,
 To realms beyond the skies;
 And round THY Throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise:
- 2 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
 LORD send THY promised Comforter,
 And lead us to our rest.
- 3 THOU art gone up on high;
 But THOU didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto THY crown:

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to THEE.

5 THOU art gone up on high ;
But THOU shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in THY train.

6 LORD, by THY saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

**100.**

C. M.

1 JESU, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
CREATOR of the world art THOU,
Its SAVIOUR and its KING.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on THEE,
And led THEE to a cruel death
To set THY people free !

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And THOU art on THY FATHER'S Throne
In glorious robes arrayed.

- 4 O may THY mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we stand around THY Throne.
And see THY glory there!
- 5 JESU, our only joy be THOU,
As THOU our prize wilt be;
In THEE be all our glory now
And through eternity.
- 6 All praise to THEE Who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to GOD the FATHER'S Name
And HOLY GHOST be given.

Whitsun-Tide.

101.

L. M.

- 1 COME HOLY GHOST our souls inspire,
And lighten with Celestial fire:
THOU the anointing spirit art,
Who dost THY sevenfold gifts impart.
- 2 THY blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Keep far our foes. give peace at home;
Where THOU art guide, no ill can come;
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And THEE of both, to be but one.

- 4 That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song;
All praise to THY eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.

**102.**

C. M.

- 1 COME, HOLY GHOST! CREATOR, come,
Inspire these souls of THINE;
Till every heart which THOU hast made
Be filled with grace divine.
- 2 THOU art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy
And unction from above.
- 3 THY gifts are manifold, THOU writ'st
GOD's law in each true heart;
The promise of the FATHER, THOU
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
THY sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With THY celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by THY guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

- 6 Teach us the FATHER to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And THEE, with both, O HOLY GHOST,
Who art from both derived.

**103.**

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all THY quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all THY quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

104.

C. M.

- 1 HE's come ! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume ;
Sing, ye redeemed, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love
Could God on man bestow ?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below !
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit ! may each soul
THY sacred influence feel ;
Do THOU each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal !
- 4 THOU to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know,
THY motions point to us the way ;
THOU giv'st us strength to go.



105.

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of Truth ! on this THY day
To THEE for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, LORD, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long THY praises to proclaim,
With fervour in our own.

- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill .
Is found on earth no more,
Enough for us to trace THY will,
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 Though tongues shall cease and power decay, .
And knowledge empty prove,
Do THOU THY trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

**106.**

L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed THINE influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be GOD's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our SAVIOUR wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er THY Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind THY blessings prove;
SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 O Holy FATHER, Holy SON,
And Holy SPIRIT, Three in One;
THY grace devoutly we implore,
THY Name be praised for evermore.

107.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN GOD of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath HE came ;
Before HIS feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :
- 2 But when HE came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered HIS holy dove.
- 3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gentle light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud :
- 5 So when the SPIRIT of our God
Came down HIS flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of GOD ; It fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come LORD, come Wisdom Love and Power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
 Save LORD, by love or fear.



108.

III-1.

- 1 COME, THOU HOLY SPIRIT, come ;
 And from THINE eternal home
 Shed the ray of light divine ;
 Come, THOU FATHER of the poor,
 Come, THOU source of all our store,
 Come, within our bosoms shine.
- 2 THOU of Comforters the best,
 THOU the souls most welcome Guest,
 Sweet Refreshment here below !
 In our labour rest most sweet,
 Grateful shadow from the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe !
- 3 O most Blessèd Light Divine,
 Shine within these hearts of THINE,
 And our inmost being fill ;
 If THOU take THY grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay,
 All our good is turned to ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
 On our dryness pour THY dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away :
 Bend the stubborn heart and will,
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
 Guide the steps that go astray.

- 5 On the faithful who adore
And confess THEE evermore
In THY sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them THY salvation LORD,
Give them joys that never end.

**109.**

L. M.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundation first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind;
Come pour THY joys on human kind.
- 2 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and THY sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy THEE!
- 4 Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subdue the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay THY hand and hold them down.
- 5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love bestow!
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us THYSELF, that we may see
The FATHER and the SON by THEE.

**110.**

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be THOU our Guardian, THOU our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose THY way;
Plant holy fear in every heart
That we from THEE may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest.

**111.**

P. M.

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 HE came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing Guest,
 While HE can find one humble heart,
 Wherein to rest.
- 3 And HIS that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are HIS alone.
- 5 SPIRIT of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 O make our hearts THY dwelling-place,
 And worthier THEE.



112.

III-1.

- 1 Ruler of the hosts of light,
 Death hath yielded to THY might;
 And THY Blood hath marked a road
 Which will lead us back to God.
- 2 From THY dwelling-place above,
 From THY FATHER'S Throne of love,
 With THY look of mercy bless
 Those without THEE Comfortless.

- 3 Bitter were THY throes on earth,
Giving to the Church her birth
From the spear-wound opening wide
In THINE own life-giving Side.
- 4 Now in glory THOU dost reign,
Won by all THY toil and pain;
Thence the promised SPIRIT send,
While our prayers to THEE ascend.
- 5 JESU, praise to THEE be given,
With the FATHER high in heaven;
HOLY SPIRIT, praise to THEE
Now and through eternity.

**113.**

C. M.

- 1 O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of grace.
Eternal fount of love,
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts
With fire from heaven above.
- 2 As THOU in bond of love dost join
The FATHER and the SON,
So fill us all with mutual love,
And knit our hearts in one.
- 3 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory to the HOLY GHOST,
While endless' ages run.

Trinity Sunday.

114.

L. M.

- 1 O HOLY, Holy, Holy LORD,
Bright in THY deeds and in THY name;
For ever be THY Name adored,
THY glories let the world proclaim.
- 2 O JESUS, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
THINE be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
THOU source of ecstasy and love,
THY praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O GOD, Triune, to THEE we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may THY praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.



115.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before THY Throne we sinners bend;
To us THY pardoning love extend!
- 2 Almighty SON, incarnate word,
Our PROPHET, PRIEST, REDEEMER, LORD,
Before THY Throne we sinners bend:
To us THY saving grace extend!

3 Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death;
Before THY Throne we sinners bend;
To us THY quickening power extend!

4 JEHOVAH! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before THY Throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

**116.**

L. M.

- 1 BLEST TRINITY, from mortal sight,
Veiled in THINE own Eternal Light,
We THEE confess, we THEE believe,
To THEE with loving hearts we cleave.
- 2 O FATHER, THOU most Holy One!
O GOD of GOD, Eternal SON!
O HOLY GHOST, THOU Love divine,
To join them Both is ever THINE!
- 3 The FATHER is in GOD the SON,
And with the FATHER HE is One;
In Both the SPIRIT doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.
- 4 Such as the FATHER, such the SON,
And such the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE;
The Three one perfect Verity,
The Three one perfect Charity.

5 Eternal FATHER, THEE we praise ;
 To THEE, O SON, our hymns we raise ;
 O HOLY GHOST, we THEE adore ;
 One mighty God for evermore.

**117.**

P. M.

- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy ! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY,
 Early in the morning our songs shall rise to
 THEE :
 Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty ;
 GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessèd TRINITY !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore THEE,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea :
 Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
 THEE,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide
 THEE,
 Though the eye of sinful man THY glory may
 not see,
 Only THOU art Holy : there is none beside THEE
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy ! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY !
 All THY works shall praise THY NAME, in
 earth, and sky, and sea :
 Holy, Holy, Holy ; merciful and mighty ;
 GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessèd TRINITY !

118.

III-5.

- 1 HOLY FATHER, great CREATOR,
Source of mercy, love, and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly FATHER,
Through the SAVIOUR hear and bless.
- 2 Holy JESUS, LORD of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear THY wondrous story,
Meet and worship in THY Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts THY peace proclaim.
- 3 Holy SPIRIT, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to rapture higher,
Fill them with a SAVIOUR'S love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the SAVIOUR'S love.
- 4 GOD the LORD, through every nation
Let THY wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of THY salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great JEHOVAH,
Form our hearts and make them THINE.

119.

C. M.

- 1 HAVE mercy on us, GOD most High,
Who lift our hearts to THEE;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy TRINITY.
- 2 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before THY Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy TRINITY.
- 3 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
THOU in THY bliss of majesty,
Didst live and love alone.
- 4 How wonderful creation is,
The work that THOU didst bless;
And oh, what then must THOU be like,
Eternal Loveliness!
- 5 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Low at THY Throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy TRINITY.

**120.**

L. M.

- 1 ALL hail, Adorèd TRINITY;
All hail, Eternal UNITY;
O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT ever One.

- 2 Behold to THEE, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising THEE.
- 3 THREE Persons praise we evermore,
One only GOD our hearts adore;
In THY sure mercy ever kind
May we our true protection find.
- 4 O TRINITY! O UNITY!
Be present as we worship THEE;
And with the songs that Angels sing
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

**121.**

C. M.

- 1 HAIL! holy, holy, holy LORD!
Whom one in THREE we know;
By all THY heavenly Host adored,
By all THY Church below.
- 2 One undivided TRINITY,
With triumph we proclaim;
THY universe is full of THEE,
And speaks THY glorious name.
- 3 THEE, holy FATHER, we confess;
THEE, holy SON adore:
THEE, SPIRIT of true holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Our heavenly song shall be;
 Supreme, essential ONE, adored
 In Co-eternal THREE.



122.

II-6

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On THEE the high and lowly
 Before th' eternal Throne
 Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the great THREE in ONE.
- 2 On THEE, at the creation;
 The light first had its birth;
 On THEE for our salvation
 CHRIST rose from depths of earth;
 On THEE our LORD victorious
 The SPIRIT sent from heaven;
 And thus on THEE most glorious
 A triple light was given.
- 3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

To HOLY GHOST be praises,
 To FATHER and to SON;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To THEE, blest THREE in ONE.



123.

III-3

- 1 LORD, THY glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fullness stored;
 Unto THEE be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
 Earth takes up the angels cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "LORD of hosts, the LORD most high!"
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,
 And our love His gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before Him,
 With His Holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthems flow.
- 3 LORD, THY glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fullness stored;
 Unto THEE be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Thus, THY glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angel's cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy"—blessing
 THEE, the LORD our God most High!

Baptism.

124.

III-3.

- 1 SAVIOUR! who THY flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs THY bosom share.
- 2 Now, *these* little ones receiving,
Fold *them* in THY gracious arm—
There we know—THY word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from THY pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey;
Let THY tenderness so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then, within THY fold eternal
Let *them* find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of THY grace.



125.

S. M.

- 1 The gentle SAVIOUR calls
Our children to HIS breast;
HE folds them in His gracious arms,
HIMSELF declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," HE cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
"The heirs of heaven are such as these,
"For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, LORD,
 Devoting them to THEE,
 Imploring, that, as we are THINE,
 THINE may our offspring be.

**126.**

P. M.

- 1 O FATHER, THOU Who hast created all
 In wisest love, we pray,
 Look on this babe, who at THY gracious call
 Is entering on life's way,
 Bend o'er it now, with blessing fraught,
 And make THOU something out of naught.
 O FATHER, hear!
- 2 O SON of GOD, Who diedst for us, behold
 We bring our child to THEE,
 THOU tender Shepherd, take it to THY fold,
 THINE own for aye to be:
 Defend it through this earthly strife,
 And lead it on the path of life,
 O SON of GOD!
- 3 O HOLY GHOST, Who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child;
 Give it undying life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled;
 Grant it while yet a babe to be
 A child of GOD, a home for THEE,
 O HOLY GHOST!

4 O Triune God, What THOU command'st is done,
We speak, but THINE the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on it THY Light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love;
THOU Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God!



127.

S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His Eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

128.

C. M.

- 1 WITH CHRIST we share a mystic grave,
 With CHRIST we buried lie;
 But 'tis not in the darksome cave
 By mournful Calvary.
- 2 The pure and bright baptismal flood
 Entombs our nature's stain;
 New creatures from the cleansing wave
 With CHRIST we rise again.
- 3 Thrice blest, if through this world of sin,
 And lust, and selfish care,
 Our resurrection-mantle, white
 And undefiled we wear.
- 4 Thrice blest, if, through the gate of death,
 Glorious at last and free,
 We to our joyful rising pass,
 O Risen LORD, with THEE.



129.

III-1.

- 1 SOLDIER's, who are CHRIST's below,
 Strong in faith resist the foe;
 Boundless is the pledged reward
 Unto them who serve the LORD.
- 2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
 That the conqueror's hand receives;
 Joys are his serene and pure,
 Light that ever shall endure.

BAPTISM.

- 5 For the souls that overcome,
Waits the beauteous heavenly Home,
Where the Blessèd evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.
- 6 Passing soon, and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward.
- 7 FATHER, Who the crown dost give,
SAVIOUR, by Whose death we live,
SPIRIT, Who our hearts dost raise,
THREE in ONE, THY Name we praise.



130.

P. M.

- 1 BLESSED JESUS, here we stand,
Met to do as THOU hast spoken,
And this child at THY command
To the Font we bring in token
That To THEE it here is given;
For of such shall be THY heaven.
- 2 Yes, THY warning voice is plain,
And we fain would heed it duly,
“He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Shall My kingdom ne’er inherit.”

3 Therefore hasten we to THEE,
Take the pledge we bring, oh ! take it ;
Let us here THY glory see,
And in tender pity, make it
Now THY child, and leave it never ;
THINE on earth and THINE forever.

4 Make it, CHRIST, THY member now,
Shepherd, take THY lamb and feed it,
Prince of Peace, its peace be THOU,
Way of Life, to Heaven, oh, lead it ;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Be it graff'd in THEE forever.

5 Now upon THY heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure :
Heavenward lead our burden'd sighs,
Pour THY blessings without measure ;
Write the name we now have given ;
Write it in the book of Heaven.

Confirmation.

131.

L. M.

1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On THEE, my SAVIOUR and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell THY goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond ! that seals my vows,
To HIM who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred Throne I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious LORD, to make me THINE;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess THY Voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy GOD, thy SAVIOUR, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,,
When call'd on angels' food to feast.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow
That vow renew'd, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

**132.**

C. M.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the LORD we speak;
To HIM we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to CHRIST we yield;
Nor from HIS cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on HIS grace rely,
That with returning wants, the LORD
Will all our need supply.

- 4 LORD, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in THY ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn THOU our prayers to praise.

**133.**

C. M.

- 1 My GOD, accept my heart this day,
And make it always THINE,
That I from THEE no more may stray,
No more from THEE decline.
- 2 Before the cross of HIM who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let CHRIST be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with THY heavenly grace.
Adopt me for THINE own;
That I may see THY glorious face,
And worship at THY Throne.
- 4 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of THY Love!
- 5 Let every thought and work and word
To THEE be ever given;
Then life shall be THY service, LORD,
And death the gate of heaven!

134.

P. M.

- 1 My faith looks up to THEE,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
SAVIOUR divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly THINE.
- 2 May THY rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As THOU hast died for me,
O, may my love to THEE
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be THOU my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From THEE aside.

**135.**

L. M.

- 1 COME HOLY GHOST, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with THY grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which THOU hast made.

- 2 O Comforter, to THEE we cry ;
THOU heavenly gift of GOD most High :
THOU Fount of life, and Fire of love,
And sweet Anointing from above.
- 3 O Finger of the Hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are THINE ;
The promise of the FATHER THOU,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.
- 4 THY light to every sense impart,
And shed THY love in every heart,
The weakness of our flesh supply
With strength and courage from on high.
- 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And peace for evermore bestow ;
If THOU be our preventing Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

The Holy Communion.

136.

C. M.

- 1 THOU, GOD, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive ;
Since all things by THY power were made,
And by THY bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength ; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

- 3 All worthy THOU, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By THY most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To HIM that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

**137.**

L. M.

- 1 MY GOD and is THY table spread,
And does THY cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all THY children led,
And let them THY sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy HE, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let THY table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

- 5 Drawn by THY quick'ning grace, O LORD,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their FATHER'S board,
The Bread that lives beyond the tomb,
- 6 Nor let THY spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world THY truth has run;
Till with this Bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

**138.**

C. M.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God
Who once at distance stood?
And, to affect this glorious change,
Did JESUS shed HIS blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choir,
To praise our heavenly KING!
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing—
- 4 “Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease!”

139

. L. M.

- 1 To JESUS, our exalted LORD,
That Name, in heav'n and earth ador'd
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low :
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around His board we meet,
And worship at His sacred feet
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, LORD, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love THEE more ;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see THY wondrous love display'd ;
The broken Flesh, THY bleeding veins,
THY dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
And THY forgiving love impart,
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

110.

P. M.

- 1 BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead :
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be THY Feast to us, the token
 That by THY grace our souls are fed.

**111.**

III-1

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on THEE we feed,
 For THY Flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever may our souls be fed
 With this true and living Bread,
 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of HIM who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven, THY Blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 LORD, THY Wounds our healing give,
 To THY Cross we look and live ;
 JESUS, may we ever be
 Graftd, rooted, built in THEE.

**112.**

C. M.

- 1 O God unseen, yet ever near,
 THY presence may we feel,
 And, thus inspired with holy fear,
 Before THINE altar kneel.

- 2 Here may THY faithful people know
The blessings of THY love,
The streams that through the desert flow
The Manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to THY word,
To feast on heavenly food :
Our meat, the Body of the LORD,
Our drink, His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus may we all THY words obey,
For we, O GOD, are THINE ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Ordination, or Institution of Min- isters.

143.

L. M.

- 1 Go forth, ye heralds, in MY Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

ORDINATION OR INSTITUTION 133
OF MINISTERS.

4 Freely from ME ye have received,
 Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
 And, by your labours, sinners live.



144.

L. M.

- 1 "Go preach MY Gospel," saith the LORD,
 "Bid the whole earth MY Grace receive;
Explain to them MY sacred word,
 Bid them believe, obey, and live.
- 2 "I'll make MY great commission known
 And ye shall prove MY Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
 And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead;
 Go cast out devils in MY Name;
Nor let MY prophets be afraid,
 Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
pheme.
- 4 While thus ye follow my commands,
 I'M with you till the world shall end,
All power is trusted in MY Hands:
 I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 HE spake, and light shone round HIS Head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven HE rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

134 ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION
OF MINISTERS.

145.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! bow THINE ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer :
We plead for those who plead for THEE,
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge
Do THOU their anxious souls enlarge ;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be THINE ;
To them THY sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them THY chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
In humble strains THY grace implore,
And feel THY new creating pow'r.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressèd souls forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

ORDINATION OR INSTITUTION 135
OF MINISTERS.

146.

L. M.

- 1 O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are THINE,
And kindled by THY hidden fires
The soul to highest aims aspires.
- 2 THY Priests with wisdom, LORD, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O THOU the source of life and light.
- 3 SPIRIT of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.
- 4 Protect THY Church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of THY righteousness.



147.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, pour THY SPIRIT from on high,
And THINE ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe THY priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within THY temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by THEE,
SAVIOUR, like stars in THY right hand,
Let all THY Church's pastors be.

136 ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION
OF MINISTERS.

- 3 Wisdom and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear THY people in their heart,
And love the souls whom THOU dost love :
- 4 To love, and pray. and never faint,
By day and night their guard to Keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed THY Lambs, and tend THY sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign ;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.



148.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, THINE appointed servants bless,
That they may faithful be,
To preach the truth in righteousness,
And sinners win to THEE.
- 2 Uphold them by Almighty power,
THY strength divine impart,
And, in each dark and trying hour,
Cheer THOU their fainting heart.
- 3 In holy watchfulness and prayer,
O keep them near THY side ;
May they with loving zeal declare
A SAVIOUR crucified !
- 4 Great Shepherd of THY sheep, draw near,
THY Spirit now be given ;
That they who preach, and those who hear,
May sing THY praise in heaven.

The Laying of a Corner Stone.

149.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands ;
- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed THINE own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with THY grace,
That shall adorn THY dwelling-place ;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them THINE.
- 4 To THEE they all pertain ; to THEE
The treasures of the earth and sea ;
And when we bring them to THY Throne
We but present THEE with THINE own.
- 5 The heads that guide, endue with skill ;
The hands that work, preserve from ill ;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.
- 6 Both now and ever, LORD, protect
The temple of THINE own elect ;
Be THOU in them, and they in THEE,
O ever-blessed TRINITY !

The Consecration of a Church.

150.

L. M.

- 1 AND wilt THOU, O eternal GOD,
On earth establish THINE abode?
Then look propitious from THY Throne.
And take this temple for THINE own.
- 2 These walls we to THINE honour raise,
Long may they echo in THY praise;
And THOU, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of THY grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of HIS train;
While power divine HIS word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer HIS friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,
When GOD the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.



151.

III-3.

- 1 Blessèd city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above;
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move;

- 2 From celestial realms descending,
 Bridal glory round thee shed,
 Meet for HIM Whose love espoused thee,
 To thy LORD shalt thou be led;
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks,
 Of pure gold are fashionèd.
- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining.
 They are open evermore;
 And by virtue of HIS merits
 Thither faithful souls do soar,
 Who for CHRIST's dear Name in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow, and biting sculpture
 Polished well those stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly Architect,
 Who therewith hath willed for ever
 That HIS Palace should be decked.



152.

III-3.

- 1 CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
 CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone,
 Chosen of the LORD, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one,
 Holy Sion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.

- 2 All that dedicated City,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody;
 God the ONE in THEE adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this Temple, where we call THEE,
 Come, O LORD of Hosts, to day:
 With THY wonted loving-kindness,
 Hear THY servants, as they pray;
 And THY fullest benediction,
 Shed within its walls always.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all THY servants,
 What they ask of THEE to gain,
 What they gain from THEE forever
 With the Blessèd to retain,
 And hereafter in THY glory,
 Evermore with THEE to reign.

**153.**

C. M.

- 1 O, with due rev'rence, let us all
 To God's abode repair:
 And prostrate at His footstool fall'n,
 Pour out our humble prayer.
- 2 Arise O LORD, and now possess
 THY constant place of rest;
 Be that, not only with THY ark,
 But with THY presence bless'd.

3 Clothe THOU THY priests with righteousness,
 Make THOU THY saints rejoice ;
 And, for THY servant David's sake,
 Hear THY Anointed's voice.

4 Fair Sion does, in GOD's esteem,
 All other seats excel ;
 His place of everlasting rest,
 Where HE desires to dwell.

5 Her store th' ALMIGHTY will increase,
 Her poor with plenty bless ;
 Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
 His saving health confess.



154.

L. M.

1 HERE, in THY name, Eternal GOD,
 We build this earthly house for THEE :
 O make it now THY fix'd abode,
 And holy let THY temple be.

2 Here, when THY people seek THY face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear THOU, in heaven, THY dwelling-place,
 And when THOU hearest, LORD, forgive.

3 Here, when THY messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of THY SON ;
 Still by the power of His great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

142 THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly KING:
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.
- 5 THY glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not LORD, this house alone;
THY Kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix THY Throne.



155.

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of THY people, hear;
THY presence now display;
As THOU hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us the tokens of Thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise;
And pour THY blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls be holy peace,
THY mercy here reveal;
Here give the burden'd soul release,
The wounded spirit heal!
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

- 5 May we in faith receive THY word,
 In faith address our prayers;
 And in the presence of the LORD
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 Here may THY Gospel's joyful sound
 Enforc'd by grace divine,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 And bend their wills to THINE.



156.

C. M.

- 1 O 'T WAS a joyful sound, to hear
 Our tribes devoutly say,
 Up Israel, to the temple haste,
 And keep your festal day!
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
 With our assembled pow'rs,
 In strong and beauteous order rang'd
 Like her united tow'rs.
- 3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
 The tribes of GOD repair,
 Before HIS ark to celebrate
 His Name, with praise and prayer.
- 4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
 For they shall prosperous be,
 THOU holy city of our GOD,
 Who bear true love to THEE.

144 THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

- 5 May peace within THY sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
THY palaces HE crown'd.
- 6 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
A constant guest appear.
- 7 But most of all I'll seek THY good,
And ever wish THEE well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where GOD vouchsafes to dwell.



157.

C. M.

- 1 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round THINE altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence THY wonders show.
- 2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How THY renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which THINE honour dwells.

General Hymns.

158.

C. M.

- 1 GREAT GOD, with wonder and with praise,
On all THY works I look;
But still THY wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in THY book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given:
But THY good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the LORD;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In THY most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 LORD, make me understand THY law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from THY Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how CHRIST has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

**159.**

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in THY word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be THY name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructor, gracious LORD,
Be THOU forever near,
Teach me to love THY sacred word,
And view my SAVIOUR there.

**160.**

II-3

- 1 THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For THOU, O LORD are with me still:
THY friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

161.

L. M.

- 1 THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to THY praise, O LORD,
So brightly as THY written word.
- 2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to THEE.
- 3 Almighty LORD ! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky :
- 4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
THY word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

**162.**

L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

**163.****III-3**

- 1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

- 3 THOU did'st seek me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 THOU, to save my soul from danger
 Did'st redeem me with THY Blood.
- 4 By THY hand restor'd, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I'm come ;
 Safe, O LORD, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heav'nly home.



164.

II-4.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet blow :
 The gladly-solemn sound !
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 2 JESUS, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls be glad :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by HIS Blood
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in JESUS dwell,
And blest in JESUS live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of JESUS' love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your SAVIOUR'S face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

**165.**

S. M.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wondering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

**166.**

C. M.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
-Drawn from EMMANUEL'S veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying LAMB, THY precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
THY flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing THY power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.



167.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, to THEE my soul I lift,
 On THEY my hope depends,
 Convinc'd that every perfect gift
 From THEE alone depends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are THINE alone,
 And pow'r and wisdom too:
 Without the Spirit of THY SON
 We nothing good can do.
- 3 THOU all our works in us hast wrought,
 Our good is all divine;
 The praise of every holy thought
 And righteous word is THINE.
- 4 From THEE, through JESUS, we receive
 The pow'r on THEE to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live:—
 Our God is *all in all*.



168.

III-1.

- 1 SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
 Who, from yon bright throne above,
 Ever watchful o'er our race,
 Still to man extends His grace.

- 2 Heav'n and earth by HIM were made,
All is by His sceptre sway'd;
What are we that HE should show
So much love to us below?
- 3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the SAVIOUR'S Blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore His name;
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise HIM till HE calls thee home,
Trust His love for all to come.

**169.**

C. M.

- 1 All ye who seek for sure relief,
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:
- 2 JESUS, Who gave Himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred Heart:
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear how kindly HE invites;
Ye hear His words so blest:
"All ye that labour come to ME,
And I will give you rest."

- 4 O JESUS, Joy of saints on high,
THOU Hope of sinners here;
Attracted by those loving words,
To THEE I lift my prayer.
- 5 Wash THOU my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from THEE doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow.



170.

II-1

- 1 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.
- 2 Join all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as evening veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
And praise HIM in the shade.
- 3 THOU heaven of heavens, HIS vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds, declare HIS might;
HE spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

- 4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To HIM Who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

**171.**

III-1.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise.
All our times are in THY hand,
All events at THY command.
- 2 HE that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb.
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by His wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as GOD ordains.
- 4 May we always own THY hand,
Still to THEE surrender'd stand,
Know that THOU art GOD alone
We and ours are all THY own.

172.

L. M.

- 1 ALL glorious GOD, what hymns of praise,
Shall our transported voices raise:
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view.
- 2 Once we were fallen, oh, how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When JESUS, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love;
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around, His heavenly light;
By HIM what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!
- 4 HE shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light, our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state!

**173.**

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O THOU bleeding LAMB,
To THEE the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at THY Name,
THY Name inspire our songs.

**174.**

C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may HIS love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue
- 2 HIS love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 HE left HIS radiant Throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to THEE:
May every heart with rapture say,
"The SAVIOUR died for me."

- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love THY charming Name
And join the sacred song.

**175.**

S. M.

- 1 I LOVE THY Kingdom, LORD,
The house of THINE abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With His own precious Blood.
- 2 I love THY Church, O GOD!
Her walls before THEE stand,
Dear as the apple of THINE eye,
And graven on THY Hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless THY Sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion; solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 JESUS, THOU Friend divine,
Our SAVIOUR and our KING:
THY Hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

8 Sure as THY truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

**176.**

S. M.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our FATHER's Throne,
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain!
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

**177.**

S. M.

- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, LORD, to THEE:
For THOU hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 THOU my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in THY mighty power;
THOU art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To THEE I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I by THY watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

178.

11-1.

- 1 WITH joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my willing soul away
To dwell among the blest;
For lo! my great Redeemer's pow'r
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to His rest.
- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey:
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ
Before th' Almighty KING.
- 4 The KING a seat hath there prepar'd,
High, on eternal base uprear'd
For His eternal SON;
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by HIM with glory crown'd,
Attend and share His Throne.

- 5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

**179.**

L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT ZION! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead,
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy SAVIOUR'S strength!
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy pray'r,
His Hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

180.

C. M.

- 1 THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
And triumph over pain,
Who patient bear His Cross below—
He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on HIM to save:
- 4 Like HIM, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The Lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
Who follows in their train?

- 7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
- 8 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain;
O GOD! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!



181.

II-6.

- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

- 3 But HE Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see HIM,
Shall have HIM for their own.
The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 4 Their GOD, our KING and PORTION,
In fullness of HIS grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest.

**182.**

II-6.

- 1 FOR Thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For every love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

- 2 O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The LAMB is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 5 O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest.



183.

II-6.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng,
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the Throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The Home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect !
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest.



184.

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand :
And all I love in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my labours have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

**185.**

C. M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Beneath the shadow of THY Throne,
THY saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is THINE Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting THOU art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in THY sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be THOU our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.



186.

III-2.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE ;
Let the water and the blood,
From THY side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
THOU must save, and THOU alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to THY Cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold THEE on THY Throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE.

187.

P. M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that THY Blood was shed for me,
And that THOU bidst me come to THEE,
O LAMB of GOD, I come
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To THEE, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O LAMB of GOD, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in THEE to find,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, THOU wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because THY promise I believe—
O LAMB of GOD, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—THY love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be THINE, yea, THINE alone,
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

188.

C. M.

- 1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the SAVIOUR died."
- 2 My dying SAVIOUR and my GOD,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with THY Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus THINE own;
Wash me, and mine THOU art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of THY Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.



189.

P. M.

- 1 A MOUNTAIN fastness is our GOD,
On which our souls are planted:
And though the fierce foe rage abroad,
Our hearts are nothing daunted.
What though HE beset,
With weapon and net,
Array'd in death-strife?
In GOD are help and life:
HE is our sword and armour.

- 2 By our own might we naught can do ;
To trust it were sure losing ;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of GOD's own choosing.
Dost ask for HIS name ?
CHRIST JESUS we claim ;
The LORD GOD of Hosts ;
The only GOD :—vain boasts
Of others fall before HIM.
- 3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
The world with hostile forces ?
E'en then our fears should all be still'd :
In GOD are our resources.
The world and its KING
No terrors can bring :
Their threats are no worth :
Their doom is now gone forth :
A single word can quell them.
- 4 GOD's word through all shall have free sway,
And ask no man's permission :
The Spirit and HIS gifts convey,
Strength to defy perdition.
The body to kill,
Wife, children, at will,
The wicked have power :
Yet lasts it but an hour !
The kingdom's ours for ever !

190.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, THY blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath lived and died for me."
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of CHRIST is ever new.
- 4 Oh! let the dead now hear THY voice;
Bid, LORD, THY banished ones rejoice;
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,
JESUS, the LORD, our Righteousness,



191.

III-1.

- 1 JESUS, SAVIOUR of my soul,
Let me to THY bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on THEE;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on THEE is stayed,
All my hope from THEE I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of THY wing.

**192.**

G. M.

- 1 O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to THEE;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good LORD, remember me.
- 2 If on my aching burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily;
THY pardon grant, THY peace impart:
Good LORD, remember me.
- 3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day:
Good LORD, remember me.
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Good LORD, remember me.
- 5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to THY decree,
JESU, receive my parting breath:
Good LORD, remember me.

193.

C. M.

- 1 A living stream as crystal clear,
 Welling from out the Throne
Of God, and of the LAMB on high,
 The LORD to man hath shewn.
- 2 This stream doth water Paradise,
 It makes the angels sing;
One precious drop within the heart,
 Is of all joy the spring:
- 3 Joy past all speech, of glory full,
 But stored where none may know,
As manna, hid in dewy heaven,
 As pearls in ocean low.
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor to man's heart hath come,
What for those loving THEE in truth,
 THOU hast in love's own home.
- 5 But by HIS SPIRIT, HE to us
 The secret doth reveal;
Faith sees and hears: but O for wings
 To touch, and taste, and feel:
- 6 Wings like a dove, to waft us on
 High o'er the flood of sin!
LORD of the Ark put forth THINE Hand,
 And take THY Wanderers in.

194.

C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the LORD,
Each in his office, wait,
Observant of HIS heavenly word,
And watchful at HIS gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in HIS sight,
For awful is HIS Name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your LORD's command,
And while we speak HE's near;
Mark the first signal of HIS Hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 CHRIST shall the banquet spread
With HIS own royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid His angel-band.

**195.**

C. M.

- 1 JÉSUS, the very thought of THEE
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far THY face to see,
And in THY presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than JESUS' Name,
The SAVIOUR of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind THOU art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 JESUS, our only Joy be THOU,
As THOU our Prize wilt be;
In THEE be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

**196.**

C. M.

1 THOU art the way—to THEE alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the FATHER seek,
Must seek HIM, LORD, by THEE.

2 THOU art the truth—THY word alone
True wisdom can impart;
THOU only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 THOU art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims THY conqu’ring arm,
And those who put their trust in THEE
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 THOU art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.



197.

III-1

- 1 LORD, for ever at THY side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All THY Spirit hath reveal’d;
THOU hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal’d.
- 3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother’s breast,
By no subtilties beguil’d,
On THY faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel! now and evermore
In the LORD JEHOVAH trust;
HIM, in all HIS ways, adore,
Wise and wonderful, and just.

198.

P. M.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Tow'rd^s heav'n, thy destin'd place;
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy SAVIOUR will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be giv'n.



199.

III-1

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly KING,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the SAVIOUR's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
 CHRIST our advocate was made;
 Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
 CHRIST conducts us to our home.

4 LORD, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only THOU our leader be,
 And we still will follow THEE.

**200.**

III-3.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise THEE
 For the bliss THY Love bestows;
 For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows:
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
 This dull soul to rapture raise:
 THOU must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away;
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 HIM who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

- 3 LORD, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before THY footstool kneeling,
Deign THY suppliant's pray'r to bless :
Let THY grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth THY praise.

**201.**

G. M.

- 1 LORD, as to THY dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let THY life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like THEE, to do our FATHER's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as THINE.
- 4 If joy shall at THY bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"FATHER, THY will be done."

- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow THEE to heaven.

**202.**

III-3

- 1 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Live in us THY humble dwelling,
All THY faithful mercies crown.
JESUS, THOU art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love THOU art;
Visit us with THY salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh! breathe THY loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all, THY peace inherit,
Let us find THY promised rest.
THEE we would be always blessing,
Serve THEE as THINE host above;
Pray, and praise THEE without ceasing,
Glory in THY boundless love.
- 3 Finish, then, THY new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly restored in THEE.
Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven our songs we raise;
Till we cast our crowns before THEE,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

203.

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear,
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 JESUS! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring,
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see THEE as THOU art,
I'll praise THEE as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would THY love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of THY Name
Refresh my soul in death.

204.

L. M.

- 1 TAKE up thy cross! the SAVIOUR said,
If thou would'st my disciple be:
Take up thy cross, with willing heart,
And humbly follow after ME.
- 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still:
Thy LORD refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on 'Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in HIS strength,
And calmly Sin's wild deluge brave:
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown!

**205.**

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of JESUS' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown HIM—LORD of all.

- 2 Crown HIM, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown HIM—LORD of all.
- 3 Hail HIM the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, LORD did call,
The GOD incarnate! Man divine!
And crown HIM—LORD of all.
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail HIM who saves you by His grace,
And crown HIM—LORD of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown HIM—LORD of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To HIM all majesty ascribe,
And crown HIM—LORD of all.

**206.**

P. M.

- 1 THE GOD of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And GOD of love:

Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom fame and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angels wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the LORD our KING,
The LORD our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin.
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His Kingdom he maintains.
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing ;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty KING,
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be :
Jehovah, FATHER; Great I AM,
We worship THEE."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to GOD on high ;
"Hail FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,"
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's GOD and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are THINE,
And endless praise.

**207.**

IV-3.

1 BE joyful in GOD, all ye lands of the earth
O serve HIM with gladness and fear ;
Exult in HIS presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is GOD,—and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own,
His sheep and we follow his call.

- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim;
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the LORD, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

**208.**

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the LORD is God alone;
 HE can create, and HE destroy.
- 2 HIS sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
 HE brought us to HIS fold again.
- 3 We are HIS people, we HIS care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to THY name?
- 4 We'll crowd THY gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill THY courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is THY command,
 Vast as eternity THY love;
 Firm as a rock THY truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.



209.

P. M.

The strain upraise of joy and praise. Alleluia.
 To the glory of their KING
 Shall the ransomed people sing Alleluia.
 And the choirs that dwell on high
 Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia.
 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
 The blessèd ones, with joy the chorus swell,
 Alleluia

The planets beaming on their heavenly way.
 The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia.
 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
 Ye winds on pinions light,
 Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
 Ye lightnings wildly bright,
 In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.
 Ye floods and ocean billows,
 Ye storms and winter snow,
 Ye days of cloudless beauty,
 Hoar frost and summer glow.
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.
 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
 Alleluia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn and cry again Alleluia.
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous

Alleluia.

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus

Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.

Ye tracts of earth, and continents, reply Alleluia.

To God, Who all creation made,

The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia.

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD
Almighty loves: Alleluia.

This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST
the KING approves: Alleluia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awak-
ing, Alleluia.

And children's voices echo, answer making,

Alleluia.

Now from all men be out-poured

Alleluia to the LORD;

With Alleluia evermore

The SON and SPIRIT we adore.

Praise be done to the THREE in ONE,

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.



210.

L. M.

1 O PRAISE the LORD in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows:
Praise HIM in heaven, where HE HIS face.
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

- 2 Praise HIM for all the mighty acts
Which HE in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills His praise rebound ;
Praise HIM with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just return of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the LORD !

**211.**

IV-1.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing :
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their KING.

3 Let them His great Name
 Extol in their songs,
 With hearts well attun'd
 His praises express :
 Who always takes pleasure
 To hear their glad tongues,
 And waits with salvation
 The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who their heads
 With safety doth shield ;
 Such honour and triumph
 His favour shall bring
 O therefore for ever
 All praise to HIM yield.



212

III-3

1 GOD, my KING, THY might confessing,
 Ever will I bless THY Name ;
 Day by day THY Throne addressing,
 Still will I THY praise proclaim.

2 Honour great, our God befitteth ;
 Who His majesty can reach ?
 Age to age His works transmitteth,
 Age to age His pow'r shall teach.

- 3 They shall talk of all THY glory,
On THY might and greatness dwell,
Speak of THY dread acts the story,
And THY deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from mem'ry's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love, surpassing measure,
Works of mercy, passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works His goodness prove.
- 6 All THY works, O LORD, shall bless THEE
THEE shall all THY saints adore;
KING supreme shall they confess THEE,
And proclaim THY sov'reign pow'r.

**213.**

C. M.

- 1 THEE will I bless my God and KING,
THY endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless THY Name.
- 2 THOU, LORD, beyond compare are great,
And highly to be praised:
THY majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

- 3 Renown'd for mighty acts, THY fame
To future time extends;
From age to age THY glorious Name
Successively descends.
- 4 Whilst, I THY glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me, THY might shall own,
And Thy great power confess.
- 5 The praise that to THY love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim:
THY truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.



214.

III-1

- 1 *Songs of praise* the angels sang:
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 *Songs of praise* awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in *songs of praise* rejoice ;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

**215.**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of THEE,
Ashamed of THEE, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of JESUS ! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star ;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till HE,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of JESUS ! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun !
HE sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- Ashamed of JESUS ! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No, when I blush, he this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

- 5 Ashamed of JESUS! empty pride!
I'll boast a SAVIOUR crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My SAVIOUR not asham'd of me!

**216.**

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 THY sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at THY Throne, let this,
 My humble pray'r arise—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
The blessings of THY grace impart,
 And make me live to THEE:
- 3 Let the sweet hope that THOU art mine
 My life and death attend,
THY presence though my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

**217.**

L. M.

- 1 FAITH leaves our gloomy vale of night,
 Shrouded by sin from glory's ray,
And, rising to the fields of light,
 Basks in a rich, eternal day.

- 2 Faith calms the sinner's stubborn will,
When rise the waves of guilty pride:
She worships at the holy hill
Where Nature's mighty Sovereign died.
- 3 When dangers press, and anxious fear
Sinks the weak heart, and checks the strong,
Faith, like a pitying angel, near,
Cheers the despairing saint along.
- 4 And when Death's whelming surges roll,
And Life's frail bark to wreck is driven—
Faith fires the dying Christian's soul,
And plumes his drooping wing for Heaven!



218.

III-3.

- 1 GUIDE me, O THOU great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but THOU art mighty;
Hold me with THY pow'rful hand.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the LORD, my righteousness.

- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.

**219.**

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
 Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

220.

L. M.

- 1 As, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;
- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O LORD, on THEE our hope we stay,
To lead us on to THINE abode ;
Assured THY love will far o'erpay,
The hardest labours of the road.

**221.**

C. M.

- 1 WHILE THEE I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd :
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 THY love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To THEE my thoughts would soar ;
THY mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 THY ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by THEE.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
 In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour
 THY love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet THY will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on THEE.

**222.**

S. M.

- 1 O where shall rest be found!
 Rest for the weary soul?—
'Twere vain the ocean's depth's to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 LORD GOD of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from THY face,
For evermore undone.

**223.**

C. M.

- 1 GOD of our fathers! by whose hand
THY people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread THY shelt'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our FATHER'S lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

- 4 Such blessings from THY gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore ;
And THOU, the LORD shall be our God,
And portion evermore.

**224.**

C. M.

- 1 COME, LORD, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs ;
And endless honours to His name,
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 5 LORD, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till in THY blissful courts above
We join the angelic choir.

225.

C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's illumin'd eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, not death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

226.

III-3.

- 1 BLESS'D be THOU, the GOD of Israel,
THOU, our FATHER, and our LORD!
Bless'd THY majesty for ever!
Ever be THY name ador'd!
- 2 THINE, O LORD, are pow'r and greatness,
Glory, vict'ry, are THINE own;
All is THINE in earth and heaven,
Over all THY boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of THEE, and honour,
Pow'r and might to THEE belong;
THINE it is to make us prosper,
Only THINE to make us strong.
- 4 LORD our GOD! for these, THY bounties
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To THY Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise!

**227.**

S. M.

- 1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.
- 2 GOD will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all His own.

- 3 'Tis HE that works to will,
'Tis HE that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

**228.**

L. M.

- 1 MY GOD, when at THY throne I bend,
And humbly sue for mercy there,
For me behold the sinner's Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.
- 2 Remember not my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which JESUS spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.
- 3 Remember not my doubts and fears,
My strivings with THY grace divine;
Think upon JESUS' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.
- 4 No claim, no worth, O LORD, I plead:
THY free unbounded grace I crave;
And oh! if great my guilt and need,
The greater, LORD, THY grace to save.

**229.**

P. M.

- 1 REJOICE, the LORD IS KING,
Your LORD and KING adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,

And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The GOD of truth and love:
When HE had purged our stains,
HE took HIS seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 HIS Kingdom cannot fail;
HE rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 HE sits at GOD's right hand
Till all HIS foes submit,
And bow to HIS command
And fall beneath HIS feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.



230.

P. M.

1 NEARER, my GOD, to THEE!
Nearer to THEE!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE!

- 2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest, a stone,—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE!
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that THOU sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with THY praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE!
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky!
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to THEE,
Nearer to THEE!

231.

P. M.

- 1 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING,
Help us THY name to sing,
Help us to praise !
FATHER all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, THOU Incarnate Word,
Gird on THY mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend ;
Come, and THY people bless ;
Come, give THY word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
THY sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
THOU, Who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.
- 4 To THEE, great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
THY sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

232.

C. M.

- 1 O HELP us, LORD ; each hour of need
 THY heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, LORD, the more.
- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, JESU, from on high ;
 We know no help but THEE ;
O help us so to live and die
 As THINE in heaven to be.

**233.**

III-3.

- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the KING of Heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Evermore His praises sing,
 Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting KING.

2 Praise HIM for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise HIM still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, HE tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame HE knows ;
In His hands HE gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore HIM !
Ye behold HIM face to face ;
Saints triumphant bow before HIM !
Gathered in from every race :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace.

**234.**

III-1

1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go ;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.
- 4 Onward then to glory move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !
- 5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER, unto THEE we raise ;
Holy JESUS, praise to THEE
With the SPIRIT ever be.

**235.****III-1**

- 1 CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make ;
JESUS by a nobler deed,
From the thousands HE hath freed.
- 2 Yes none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies,

- 3 That which CHRIST so hardly wrought,
That which HE so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?
- 4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for HIM to die
Is not death, but victory.
- 5 JESU, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to THEE we pray,
Glorying in THY Name to-day.

**236.**

C. M.

- 1 JESU, THY mercies are untold
Through each returning day ;
THY love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say :
- 2 That love which in THY Passion drained
For us THY precious Blood :
That love whereby the saints have gained
The vision of their God.
- 3 'Tis THOU hast loved us from the womb,
Pure source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.

- 4 LORD grant us while on earth we stay
THY love to feel and know;
And when from hence we pass away
To us THY glory show.



237.

S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the LORD is theirs,
Their soul is CHRIST'S abode.
- 2 The LORD, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their KING,
- 3 HE to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His Throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 LORD, we THY presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for THEE.

238.

C. M.

- 1 MY GOD, how wonderful THOU art,
 THY majesty how bright,
How beautiful THY mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light.
- 2 How dread are THINE eternal years,
 O everlasting LORD ;
By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored.
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
 The sight of THEE must be,
THINE endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity.
- 4 O how I fear THEE, Living God,
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship THEE with trembling hope,
 And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love THEE too O LORD,
 Almighty as THOU art,
For THOU hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like THEE,
 No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as THOU hast done
 With me THY sinful child.

- 7 FATHER of JESUS, love's reward,
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before THY Throne to lie,
 And ever gaze on THEE.



239.

P. M.

- 1 MY SAVIOUR, as THOU wilt!
 Oh, may THY will be mine!
 Into THY hand of love
 I would my all resign,
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as THINE own,
 And help me still to say,
 My LORD, THY will be done.
- 2 MY SAVIOUR, as THOU wilt!
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me THY people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure,
 The manna of THY word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My LORD, THY will be done!
- 3 MY SAVIOUR, as THOU wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear;
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.

Since THOU on earth has wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with THEE,
My LORD, THY will be done.

4 My SAVIOUR, as THOU wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with THEE.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My LORD, THY will be done !

**240.**

S. M.

1 To CHRIST the Prince of Peace
And SON of GOD most high,
The FATHER of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

2 Deep in HIS heart for us
The wound of love HE bore,
That love which still HE kindles, in
The hearts that HIM adore.

3 O JESU, Victim blest,
What else but love divine,
Could THEE constrain to open thus
That sacred Heart of THINE.

4 O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of water clear!
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto THEE draw near!

5 Hide me in THY dear Heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek THY grace through life, in death
THINE immortality.

**241.**

S. M.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER'S breast,
Fainting, I cry, blest SPIRIT, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

3 God of my life, be near,
On THEE my hopes I cast,
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

242.

III-1.

- 1 JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in THY heart to stay ;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in THY wounded Side.
- 2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In THY Heart and wounded Side.
- 3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In THY Heart and wounded Side.
- 4 Death will come one day to me ;
JESU, cast me not from THEE :
Dying let me still abide
In THY Heart and wounded side.



243.

- 1 MY GOD, my FATHER, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"THY will be done."

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"THY will be done."
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."
- 4 If THOU shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield THEE what is THINE;
"THY will be done."
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With THY sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
My GOD, to THEE I leave the rest;
"THY will be done."
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with THINE, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"THY will be done."

**211.**

C. M.

- 1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

- 2 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !
- 3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint ;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
- 4 Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our KING,
Nor weary day nor night.
- 5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher ;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
- 6 Oh, by THY love, and anguish, LORD,
And by THY life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from THY grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

**245.**

III-3.

- 1 To the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay ;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

- 2 JESUS is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.
- 3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery;
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.
- 4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.
- 5 JESUS is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy JESU, THEE imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

246.

III-3.

- 1 PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore HIM,
 Praise HIM, angels, in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before HIM,
 Praise HIM, all ye stars and light:
 Praise the LORD! for HE hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 LAWS, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance HE hath made.
- 2 Praise the LORD! for HE is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;
 GOD hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the GOD of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name!

**247.**

II-3

- 1 FROM highest heaven th' Eternal SON,
 With GOD the FATHER ever One,
 Came down to suffer, and to die:
 For love of sinful man HE bore
 Our human griefs and troubles sore,
 Our load of guilt and misery.
- 2 Sing out, ye saints of GOD, and praise
 The LAMB, Who died, His flock to raise
 From sin and everlasting woe;
 With angels round the Throne above,
 O tell the wonders of His love,
 The joys that from His mercy flow.

- 3 In darkest shades of night we lay
 Without a beam to guide our way,
 Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
 But He hath brought us life and light,
 And opened heaven to our sight,
 And lives for ever strong to save.
- 4 Rejoice ye saints of God, rejoice,
 Sing out and praise with cheerful voice
 The LAMB Whom heaven and earth adore,
 To HIM Who gave HIS only SON,
 To GOD the SPIRIT, with Them One,
 Be praise and glory evermore.



248

L. M.

- 1 LET every heart exulting beat
 With joy at JESU'S Name of bliss;
 With every pure delight replete,
 And passing sweet, its music is.
- 2 JESUS the comfortless consoles,
 JESUS each sinful fever quells;
 JESUS the power of hell controls,
 JESUS each deadly foe repels.
- 3 O speak HIS glorious Name abroad!
 JESUS let every tongue confess:
 Let every heart and voice accord
 The Healer of our souls to bless.

4 JESU, the sinner's Friend, abide
With us and hearken to our prayer;
THY frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy our transgressions spare.

5 All might all glory be to THEE
Refulgent with this Name Divine;
All honour, worship, majesty,
JESU, for evermore be THINE.

**249.**

II-3

- 1 O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear
The image of THY Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Though all my wanderings wild and drear;
O LOVE, I give myself to THEE,
THINE ever, only THINE to be.
- 2 O LOVE, Who e'er life's earliest dawn
On me THY choice hast gently laid;
O LOVE, Who here as Man was born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O LOVE, I give myself to THEE,
THINE ever, only THINE to be.
- 3 O LOVE, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O LOVE, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O LOVE, I give myself to THEE,
THINE ever, only THINE to be.

4 O LOVE, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O LOVE, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O LOVE I give myself to THEE,
THINE ever, only THINE to be.

5 O LOVE, Who once shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O LOVE, Who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O LOVE, I give myself to THEE,
THINE ever, only THINE to be.

**250.**

C. M.

- 1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where THOU, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of THY face!
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view THY blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For THEE, the living God.
- 3 The birds. more happy far than I,
Around THY temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

- 4 O LORD of hosts, my KING and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in THY temple always dwell,
And there THY praise display !

**251.**

L. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, Who dost prepare a place
For us around THY Throne of grace,
We pray THEE, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.
- 2 Source of all good, THOU, gracious LORD,
Art our exceeding great reward ;
How transient is our present pain !
How boundless our eternal gain !
- 3 With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see THEE as THOU art ;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.
- 4 THY never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of THINE endless love,
Send down THY HOLY GHOST, to be
The raiser of our souls to THEE.
- 5 O future Judge, Eternal LORD,
THY Name be hallowed and adored ;
Whom with the FATHER we adore
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

252.

IV-1

- 1 O WORSHIP the KING
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark in His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In THEE do we trust,
Nor find THEE to fail,
THY mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.
- 4 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn THEE above,

THY ransomed creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to THY praise.



253.

II-3.

- 1 O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
 From twilight dawn to perfect day,
 Shine THOU before the shadows fall
 That lead our wandering feet astray ;
 At morn and eve THY radiance pour,
 That youth may love and age adore.
- 2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
 To yon eternal Home of Peace,
 Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
 And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;
 In strength or weakness may we see
 Our heavenward path, O LORD, through THEE.
- 3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
 THOU priceless pearl for all who seek,
 To THEE our earliest strength we vow,
 THY love will bless the pure and meek ;
 When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
 Turn THOU our darkness into light.
- 4 O Life, the well that ever flows
 To slake the thirst of those that faint,
 THY power to bless, what seraph knows ?
 THY joy supreme what words can paint ?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be THOU our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O JESU, born mankind to save,
Give THOU THY peace in deadliest strife,
Shed THOU THY calm on stormiest wave;
Be THOU our hope, our joy, our dread.
LORD of the living and the dead.

254.

C. M.

- 1 To celebrate THY praise, O LORD,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world, THY works,
THY wondrous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring:
Whilst to THY Name, O THOU Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 The LORD forever lives, Who has
His righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.
- 4 All those who have His goodness prov'd
Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.
- 5 Sing praises therefore to the LORD,
From Sion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

255.

L. M.

- 1 O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
To THEE, my God, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 THY praises, LORD, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
THY mercy highest heavens transcends,
THY truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be THOU, O God, exalted high;
And as THY glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till THOU art here, as there obey'd.

**256.**

S. M.

- 1 To bless THY chosen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline;
And cause the brightness of THY face
On all THY saints to shine:
- 2 That so THY wondrous way
May through the world be known:
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And THY salvation own.

- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate THY fame:
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise THY glorious Name.

**257.**

C. M.

- 1 IN THEE I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, LORD, from shame:
Incline THINE ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is THY Name.
- 2 Be THOU my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
THY promise, LORD, is my defence,
THOU art my rock and fort.
- 3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on THY power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.
- 4 THY righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

**258.**

L. M.

- 1 LET me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on THY holy hill I rest,
And in THY sacred temple pray.

- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise,
 To God, Who is my only joy;
 And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,
 Who will thy ruined state repair.

**259.**

II-3.

- 1 God's temple crowns the holy mount,
 The LORD there condescends to dwell;
 His Sion's gates, in His account,
 Our Israel's fairest tents excel:
 Yea, glorious things of THEE we sing,
 O city of th' Almighty KING!
- 2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
 Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
 Th' Almighty shall establish her,
 And shall enroll her holy seed:
 Yea, for His people HE shall count
 The children of His favour'd mount.
- 3 HE'LL Sion find with numbers fill'd
 Who celebrate His matchless praise;
 Who, here, in hallelujah's skill'd,
 In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise:
 O Sion, seat of Israel's KING,
 Be mine to drink thy living spring!

260.

L. M.

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before HIM songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that HE is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom HE chooses for His own,
The flock that HE vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.
- 4 For HE's the LORD, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

**261.**

L. M.

- 1 THY presence, LORD, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give;
Thou first shalt with THY counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.
- 2 Whom then in heaven, but THEE alone,
Have I, Whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with THEE, that I desire.

- 3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

**262.**

S. M.

- 1 O BLESS the LORD, my soul,
His grace to THEE proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name.
- 2 O bless the LORD, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 HE pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
HE healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 HE feeds thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle's, He renews
The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the LORD, my soul,
His grace, His love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name.

263.

III-1.

- 1 MAGNIFY JEHOVAH'S Name;
For His mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let His ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—
- 4 To the LORD their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:
- 5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where, from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow,
- 6 O that men would praise the LORD.
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

264.

II-2.

- 1 THE LORD unto my LORD thus spake:
 "Till I THY foes THY footstool make,
 Sit THOU at my right hand:
Supreme in Sion THOU shalt be,
And all THY proud opposers see
 Subjected to THY just command."
- 2 "THEE, in THY power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
 And, when THY rising beams they view,
Shall all, (redeemed from errors night,)
Appear more numerous and bright
 Than crystal drops of morning dew."
- 3 The LORD hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedech's, THY reign
 And priesthood, shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! THOU, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
 Then raise THY head in victory!

**265.**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of HIS presence are.

- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than JESUS SON of GOD most high.
- 3 JESUS the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek THEE, oh how kind!
But what art THOU to them that find?
- 4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
HE only who hath proved it, knows
What bliss from love of JESUS flows.
- 5 O JESUS KING of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!
- 6 Abide with us, O LORD, to-day.
Fulfil us with THY grace, we pray;
And with THINE own true sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed,

**266.**

L. M.

- 1 O Love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son, of God should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

- 2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
- 3 For us HE was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp HE knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.
- 4 For us HE prayed, for us HE taught,
For us His daily works HE wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.
- 5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
HE bore the shameful Cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.
- 6 For us HE rose from death again,
For us HE went on high to reign,
For us HE sent HIS SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 7 To HIM Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through HIS SON,
To GOD the FATHER, glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

267.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do THOU, O LORD, attend ;
To THY eternal Throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 Oh, hide not THOU THY glorious face
In times of deep distress ;
Incline THINE ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.
- 3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade ;
My beauty does like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
- 4 But THINE eternal state, O LORD,
No length of time shall waste ;
The memory of THY wondrous works
From age to age shall last.



268.

C. M.

- 1 O JESUS KING most wonderful,
THOU Conqueror renowned,
THOU Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !
- 2 When once THOU visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O JESUS Light of all below,
THOU Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire :

4 JESUS may all confess THY Name,
THY wondrous love adore ;
And, seeking THEE, themselves inflame
To seek THEE more and more.

5 THEE, JESUS may our voices bless ;
THEE may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of THINE OWN.

**269.**

C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in the unfathomable mines,
With never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
HE hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And HE will make it plain.

**270.**

S. M.

- 1 In mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God !
Lest if THY whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath THY rod.
- 2 Touch'd by THY quick'ning pow'r,
My load of guilt I feel :
The wounds THY SPIRIT hath unclos'd,
O let that SPIRIT heal.
- 3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn ?
And wilt THOU not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return !

4 O come, ere life expire,
 Send down THY pow'r to save;
 For who shall sing THY Name in death
 Or praise THEE in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt THY grace,
 Or yield to dread despair?
 THOU wilt fulfil THY promis'd word,
 And grant me all my prayer.

**271.**

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, to Whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art THOU!
 How glorious is THY Name.
- 2 In heaven THY wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet THOU mak'st the infant tongue
 THY boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, THY beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light;—
- 4 O, what is man, that, LORD, THOU lov'st
 To keep him in THY mind?
 Or what his offspring that THOU prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind?

- 5 HIM next in power THOU didst create
To THY celestial train;
Ordained, with dignity and state,
O'er all THY works to reign.
- 6 They jointly own HIS pow'rful sway,
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.
- 7 O THOU, to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art THOU
How glorious is THY Name!

**272.**

C. M.

- 1 GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom HIS sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the LORD are just,
And bring sincere delight;
HIS pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 HIS perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
HIS equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

**273.**

C. M.

- 1 THE LORD himself, the mighty LORD
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd, by Whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass HE makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 HE does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to HIS endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In HIS most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there HIS aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since GOD doth thus HIS wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to HIM I will devote,
And in HIS temple spend.

274.

L. M.

- 1 He's blest Whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And Whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But THY forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound:
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
- 4 His saints that have perform'd His laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

**275.**

L. M.

- 1 FOR THEE, O GOD, our constant praise
In Sion waits, THY chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 THOU, Who to every humble prayer,
Dost always bend THY listening ear,
To THEE shall all mankind repair,
And at THY gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop THY flowing mercy try ;
Whilst THOU o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man, who near THEE placed,
Within THY sacred dwelling lives !
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights THY temple gives.

**276.**

IV-1.

1 THE Name of our God
In Israel is known ;
His mansion beloved
In Sion alone :
There broke HE the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honour'd His mountain
Above all the world.

2 The pride of THY foes
Is turn'd to THY praise ;
Their fierceness o'er-ruled
THY providence sways ;
Their sin overflowing
THY power will restrain ;
THY arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

- 3 Ye nations, to God
 Vow homage sincere;
Devote to HIM gifts,
 Love, worship, and fear;
Before HIM, ye mighty,
 Your spirits repress:
Ye high, and ye humble,
 His wonders confess!

**277.**

III-3

- 1 God shall charge His angel legions
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 2 On the lion vainly roaring,
 On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And the dragon's den exploring,
 Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above.
- 4 Thou shalt call on HIM in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save:
Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

278.

L. M.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The LORD that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely stablish'd is THY Throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For THOU, O LORD, and THOU alone,
Art GOD from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high,
But GOD above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 THY promise, LORD, is ever sure,
And they that in THY house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.



279.

L. M.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty KING;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into HIS presence let us haste,
To thank HIM for his favours past;
To HIM address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to HIS Name belongs.

- 3 For GOD the LORD, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A KING superior far to all
Whom gods the heathens falsely call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in HIS hand,
Her secret wealth at His command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to HIS empire lies.
- 5 The rolling oceans vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is HIS;
'Twas made by HIS almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 6 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the LORD, our Maker fall.
- 7 For HE's our GOD, our shepherd be,
HIS flock and pasture-sheep are we:
O then ye faithful flock, to-day
HIS warning hear, HIS voice obey.

**280.**

C. M.

- 1 O RENDER thanks and bless the LORD
Invoke His sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with HIS deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

- 2 Sing to His praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in His almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the LORD.
- 4 Seek ye the LORD, His saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.
- 5 The wonders that His hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of His mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

**281.**

C. M.

- 1 O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify THY Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate THY fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute; nor THOU my harp,
THY warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

- 3 To all the listening tribes, O LORD,
 THY wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing THY praise
 That round about us dwell.
- 4 Because THY mercy's boundless height
 The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 THY faithful truth extends.
- 5 Be THOU, O GOD, exalted high
 Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
 Confess THY glorious Name.

**282.**

C. M.

- 1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless
 The LORD the pile sustain ;
Unless the LORD the city keep,
 The watchman wakes in vain.
- 2 In vain we rise before the day,
 And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
 And eat the bread of care.
- 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
 He on His saints bestows ;
He crowns their labours with success,
 Their nights with safe repose.

283.

S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, come:
The Bride, the Church of CHRIST, proclaims
To all HIS children, come:
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To CHRIST, the fountain, come:
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis JESUS bids him come.
- 4 Lo, JESUS, Who invites,
Declares, I quickly come;
LORD! even so; I wait THY hour:
JESUS, my SAVIOUR, come.



284.

III-1.

- 1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
JESUS waits HIS light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of JESUS, learn His will:
JESUS calls from death and night,
JESUS waits to shed His light.



285.

III-1.

- 1 THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from THY throne above;
THINE for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.
- 2 THINE for ever! LORD of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
THOU the Life, the Truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 THINE for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in THEE their rest;
SAVIOUR, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 4 THINE for ever! SAVIOUR keep
US THY frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath THY care,
Let us all THY goodness share.

- 5 THINE for ever! THOU our guide,
All our wants by THEE supplied,
All our sins by THEE forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to heaven.

**286.**

S. M

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On THEE I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know THOU hear'st my prayer:
Give me on THEE to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On THEE, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The bates of pleasing ill:
A soul enured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to THEE when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at THY stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on THEE to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To THEE and THY great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For THINE immortal praise:
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify THY grace.

6 I rest upon THY word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, LORD,
Shall surely come from THEE;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till THOU my patient spirit guide
Into THY perfect love.

287.

S. M.

- 1 DEFEND me, LORD, from shame,
For still I trust in THEE ;
As just and righteous is THY Name,
From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down THY gracious ear,
And speedy succour send ;
Do THOU my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
- 3 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on THY help repose :
That THOU, my GOD, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.
- 4 Whate'er events betide,
THY wisdom times them all ;
Then, LORD, THY servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
- 5 The brightness of THY face
To me, O LORD, disclose ;
And, as THY mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

**288.**

H-4

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak HIS worth,
Too mean to set the SAVIOUR forth.

2 Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless THY name,
By THEE the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 JESUS our Great High Priest,
Offer'd His blood and died;
Our guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
THY powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.

4 O THOU Almighty LORD,
Our Conqueror and our King,
THY sceptre and THY sword,
THY reigning grace we sing:
THINE is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath THY feet.



289.

S. M.

1 OUT of the deep I call
To THEE, O LORD to THEE;
Before THY throne of grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry
 The woful deep of sin,
 Of evil done in days gone by,
 Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,
 And dread of coming shame,
 From morning watch till night is near
 I plead the Precious Name.

4 LORD, there is mercy now,
 As ever was, with THEE;
 Before THY Throne of grace I bow,
 Be merciful to me.

**290.**

C. M.

1 BE THOU my Guardian and my Guide.
 And hear me when I call;
 Let not my slippery footsteps slide;
 And hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
 Around the path I tread;
 O save me from the snares of hell,
 THOU Quickener of the dead.

3 And if I tempted am to sin,
 And outward things are strong,
 Do THOU, O LORD, keep watch within,
 And save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray,
 And feel that I am frail;
 That if the tempter cross my way,
 Yet he may not prevail.

291.

II-1

- 1 BEGIN, my soul th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's Name:
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air, or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread His tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the
 sound,
The general burst of joy.

229.

III-3.

- 1 LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King :
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing !

- 2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-poured ;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the LORD ;
All is pure, and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

- 3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air ;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there :
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

- 4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally !

5 Now with gladness, now with courage
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
 May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
 Thou with brightness be arrayed.

6 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
 Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
 Ever THREE and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
 While unending ages run.

**293.**

P. M.

1 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here ;
I long to be where JESUS is,
To feel, to see HIM near ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on THY spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest LORD
In love prepares for me ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

- 6 LORD JESU, King of Paradise,
O keep me in THY love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

**294.**

C. M.

- 1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is HIS, is HIS by right,
The KING of kings, and LORD of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests HIS love,
And grants HIS Name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

- 5 They suffer with their LORD below,
They reign with HIM above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of HIS love.
- 6 The Cross HE bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to HIM;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

**295.**

C. M.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the LAMB that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the LAMB our lips reply,
"For HE was slain for us."
- 3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever THINE.
- 4 Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

296.

P. M.

- 1 JESUS, my SAVIOUR, look on me!
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on THEE;
THOU art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
THINE aid omnipotent I seek;
THOU art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh! shed THOU forth some cheering ray;
THOU art my Light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But, when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
THOU art my Rock.
- 5 When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to THEE—my terrors cease;
THY cross a hiding-place imparts;
THOU art my Peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
THOU wilt not suffer me to sink;
THOU art my Life.
- 7 THOU wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death eternally,
THOU art my All.

The Lord's Day.

297.

II-4.

- 1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay :
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
The LORD of life arose ;
HE burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes :
And now HE pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all HIS love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant LORD !
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
THY praise responsive sings :
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great KING, gird on THY sword,
Ascend THY conquering car ;
While justice, truth and love,
Maintain THY glorious war :
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away !

298.

II-3.

- 1 GREAT GOD! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to THEE resign,
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to THY throne!
- 2 All-seeing GOD! THY piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where THOU art, intrude no more;
O may THY grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!
- 3 THY Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid THY word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be THINE:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to THY throne.



299.

II-4.

- 1 IN loud exalted strains,
The KING of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth HE reigns,
Through everlasting days.
But Zion, with HIS presence blest,
Is HIS delight, HIS chosen rest.

2 O KING of glory! come,
 And with THY favour crown
 This temple as THY dome,
 This people as THY own.
 Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show,
 How GOD can dwell with men below.

3 Now let THINE ear attend
 Our supplicating cries;
 Now let our praise ascend,
 Accepted to the skies:
 Now let THY gospel's joyful sound
 Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng,
 Imbibe THY truth and love;
 Here Christians join the song
 Of Seraphim above;
 Till all who humbly seek THY face,
 Rejoice in THY abounding grace.



300.

L. M.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of THY returning day;
 My thoughts, O GOD, ascend to THEE,
 While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to THEE alone,
 Nor would receive another guest;
 Eternal KING! erect THY throne,
 And reign sole monarch in my breast

- 3 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to THY courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of THY love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.



301.

III-1.

- 1 MORN of morns, and day of days !
Beauteous were thy new-born rays,
Brighter yet from death's dark prison
CHRIST, the Light of lights, is risen.
- 2 He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard :
O shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay ?
- 3 Nature yet in shadow lies,
Let the sons of light arise
And prevent the morning rays
With sweet canticles of praise.
- 4 While the dead world sleeps around,
Let the sacred temple sound
Law, and prophet, and blest psalm
Lit with holy light so calm.

- 5 Unto hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;
And a newer walk express
Their new life to righteousness.
- 6 Hear us, LORD, and with us be,
O THOU Fount of charity,
THOU Who dost the SPIRIT give,
Bidding the dead letter live.



302.

III-1.

- 1 ON this day, the first of days,
God, the FATHER'S Name we praise ;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.
- 2 On this day th' Eternal SON
Over death HIS triumph won ;
On this day the SPIRIT came
With HIS gifts of living flame.
- 3 Oh ! that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light.
- 4 FATHER, Who didst fashion me
Image of THYSELF to be,
Fill me with THY love divine,
Let my every thought be THINE.

5 HOLY JESUS, may I be
Dead and buried here with THEE;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto THEE a sacrifice.

6 THOU Who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, Sweet SPIRIT, in my heart;
Best of gifts THYSELF bestow;
Make me burn THY love to know.



303.

L. M.

1 AGAIN the LORD's own day is here,
The day to Christian people dear,
As, week by week, it bids them tell
How JESUS rose from death and hell.

2 For by HIS flock their LORD declared
His resurrection should be shared;
And they who trust in HIM to save,
In HIM are risen from the grave.

3 We, one and all, of HIM possess
Are with exceeding treasures blest;
For all HE did and all HE bare,
HE gives us as our own to share.

4 Eternal glory, rest on high,
A blessèd immortality,
True peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

5 And therefore unto THEE we sing,
 O LORD of Peace, Eternal KING;
 THY love we praise, THY Name adore,
 Both on this day and evermore.

**304.**

II-4.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of THY love,
 THINE earthly temples are!
 To THINE abode my heart aspires
 With warm desires to see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest;
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest;
 My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
 To rise and dwell among THY saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise THEE still; and happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears;
 O glorious seat where GOD our KING
 Shall thither bring our willing feet.

305.

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my KING
To praise THY name, give thanks, and sing;
To show THY love by morning light,
And talk of all THY truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound;
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
And bless His works, and bless His word,
His works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep His counsels, how divine;
- 4 O, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

**306.**

L. M.

- 1 O GOD of truth, O LORD of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Brightening the morn with golden gleams,
Kindling the noon-day's fiery beams.

- 2 Quench THOU in us the flames of strife,
From passion's heat preserve our life,
Our bodies keep from perils free,
And give our souls true peace in THEE.
- 3 Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most high,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and THEE,
Doth live and reign eternally.

307.

II-2.

- 1 O GOD, my gracious GOD, to THEE
My morning prayers shall offer'd be
For THEE my thirsty soul does pant ;
My fainting flesh implores THY grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 O! to my longing eyes once more,
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which THY majestic house displays :
Because to me THY wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak THY praise.
- 3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing GOD I will employ,
With lifted hands adore HIS name :
As with its choicest food supplied.
My soul shall be full satisfied
While I with joy HIS praise proclaim.

- 4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 THOU, LORD, art present to my mind;
 And when I wake in dead of night,
 Because THOU still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of THY wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

**308.**

L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY FATHER, bless the word,
 Which through THY grace, we now have heard;
 O may the precious seed take root,
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
- 2 We praise THEE for the means of grace,
 Thus in THY courts to seek THY face;
 Grant LORD, that we who worship here
 May all, at length in heaven appear.

**309.**

III-5

- 1 LORD! dismiss us with THY blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, THY love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us
 Travelling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of THY salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May THY presence
 With us evermore be found!

Morning.

310.

L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to THEE!
THEE, self-abas'd in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On THEE my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
THEE, victor of the grave and hell:
THEE, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To THEE, my soul triumphant springs;
THEE, thron'd in glory's endless blaze,
THEE, LORD of lords, and KING of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and THEE my thoughts I give,
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To THEE, with Whom I trust to live.



311.

III-1.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
LORD, may we be THINE to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In THY service, LORD, to-day,
May we labour, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last ;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

**312.**

L. M.

1 GLORY to THEE, Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

2 I would not wake, nor rise again,
E'en heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert THOU not there to be enjoyed,
And I in praise to be employed.

3 Heaven is, dear LORD, where'r THOU art,
O never then from me depart ;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without THEE.

4 LORD, I my vows to THEE renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with THYSELF my spirit fill,

- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In THY sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise HIM, all creatures here below ;
Praise HIM above, angelic host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

313.

L. M.

- 1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That HE, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.
- 2 May HE restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life ;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.
- 3 O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.
- 4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God.

314.

III-1.

1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies.

CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn

Unaccompanied by THEE;
Joyless is the day's return
Till THY mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;

Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more THYSELF display,
Shining to the perfect day.



315.

L. M.

1 New every morning is the love

Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,

Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O LORD, in THY dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

**316.**

L. M.

1 O JESUS, LORD of light and grace,
THOU brightness of the FATHER'S Face,
THOU fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night ;

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in THY radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The HOLY SPIRIT'S cloudless ray.

3 So we the FATHER'S help will claim,
And sing the FATHER'S glorious Name,
And His Almighty grace implore
That we may stand, to fall no more.

- 4 May he our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control:
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

**317.**

L. M.

- 1 FORTH in THY Name, O LORD, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
THEE, only THEE, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak or do.
- 2 The task THY wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works THY presence find,
And prove THY good and perfect will.
- 3 THEE may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at THY command,
And offer all my works to THEE.

- 4 Give me to bear THY easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to THY glorious day.
- 5 Fain would I still for THEE employ
Whate'er THY bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with THEE to Heaven.

**318.**

L. M.

- 1 COME, HOLY GHOST, Who ever One
Art with the FATHER and the SON;
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess
With THY full flood of holiness.
- 2 In word and deed, by heart and tongue,
With all our powers, THY praise be sung;
May love enwrap our mortal frame,
And others catch the living flame.
- 3 Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most high,
Who with the HOLY GHOST and THEE,
Doth live and reign eternally.

**319.**

C. M.

- 1 REGARD my words, O gracious LORD
Accept my secret prayer;
To THEE alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

- 2 THOU in the morn my voice shall hear,
And with the dawning day,
To THEE devoutly I'll look up,
To THEE devoutly pray.
- 3 LORD, I within THY house will come,
In THY abundant grace;
And I will worship in THY fear,
Tow'rd THY most holy place.
- 4 Let those, O LORD who trust in THEE,
With shouts their joys proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom THOU preserv'st,
And all that love THY Name.
- 5 To righteous men the righteous LORD
His blessing will extend;
And with His favour all His saints,
As with a shield, defend.



Evening.

320.

L. M.

- 1 GLORY to THEE my God this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under THINE own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for THY dear SON
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and THEE,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on THEE repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close.
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise HIM, all creatures here below ;
Praise HIM above, angelic host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

**321.**

L. M.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! to THEE my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O let THY mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour.
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to THY love and power.

- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of THY love,
Ungrateful, can from THEE depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of CHRIST my LORD; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious GOD,
And kind acceptance at THY throne.
- 5 With hope in HIM mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in THY care may I repose,
And wake with praises to THY Name.

**322.**

111-1

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
LORD I would commune with THEE.
- 2 THOU, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, LORD, to dwell with THEE!

- 4 THOU who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
JESUS, look with pitying eye.

**323.**

C. M.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, LORD, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise THEE as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

**324.**

L. M.

- 1 SUN of my soul, THOU SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if THOU be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide THEE from THY servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast.

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without THEE I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without THEE I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of THINE
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from THY boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of THY love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.



325.

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That THOU with wonted love would'st keep
THY watch around us while we sleep.
- 2 O let no evil dreams be near,
Nor phantoms of the night appear;
Our ghostly enemy restrain.
Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.

- 2 Swift to its closes ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O THOU Who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need THY presence every passing hour;
What but THY grace can foil the tempter's
[power;
Who like THYSELF my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide
[with me.
- 4 Hold THOU THY Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
[skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
[shadows flee;
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me.



325.

II-3.

- 1 SWEET SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go ;
 THY word into our minds instill ,
 And make our lukewarm heart to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night
 O gentle JESUS, be our Light.
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And THOU hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,

The broken vow, the frequent fall,
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS, be our Light,

3 Grant us dear LORD, from evil ways
True absolution and release :
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like THEE.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS, be our Light.

5 Labour is sweet, for THOU hast toiled ;
And care is light, for THOU hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,,
O gentle JESUS, be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto THEE we call ;
O let THY mercy make us glad ;
THOU art our JESUS and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS, be our Light.

329.

P. M.

- 1 God, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May THINE angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet THY mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in THY mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not THOU our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With THEE on high.



330.

L. M.

- 1 O God, of all the Strength and Power,
Who dost unmoved each passing hour
Through all its changes guide the day,
From early morn to evening's ray ;
- 2 Brighten life's eventide with light
That ne'er shall set in gloom of night ;
Till we a holy death attain
And everlasting glory gain.

- 3 Almighty FATHER, hear our cry
 Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,
 Who with the HOLY GHOST and THEE
 Doth live and reign eternally.

**331.**

III-4.

- 1 THROUGH the day THY love has spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;
 JESU, THOU our Guardian be ;
 Sweet it is to trust in THEE.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In THINE Arms may we repose,
 And, when life's sad day is past,
 Rest with THEE in heaven at last.

**332.**

L. M.

- 1 O TRINITY, most Blessèd Light,
 O UNITY of Princely Might,
 As now the fiery sun departs
 Shed THOU THY beams within our hearts.
- 2 To THEE our morning song of praise,
 To THEE our evening prayer we raise ;
 THEE may our heart and voice adore
 For ever and for evermore.

333.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT GOD, Who hid from mortal sight
Dost dwell in unapproachèd light,
Before Whose presence angels bow
With faces veiled in homage low ;
- 2 Awhile in darkness we remain,
And round us yet are sin and pain ;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase our shades of night away.
- 3 For THOU hast promised, gracious LORD,
A day of gladness and reward ;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.
- 4 Too long, alas ! it still delays ;
It lingers yet, that day of days ;
Our mortal strife and toil must cease
Before we win its heavenly peace.
- 5 Then, from its fleshly bonds set free,
The soul shall fly, O God, to THEE ;
To see THEE, love THEE, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.
- 6 Great TRINITY, our hearts prepare,
The fullness of THY joy to share ;
Life's transient light may we improve,
And gain eternal light above.

334.

III-1.

- 1 BLEST CREATOR of the light,
Making day with radiance bright,
THOU didst o'er the forming earth
Give the golden light its birth.
- 2 Shade of eve with morning ray
Took from THEE the name of Day;
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our humble cry.
- 3 May we ne'er by guilt depressed
Lose the way to endless rest;
Nor with idle thoughts and vain
Bind our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather may we heavenward rise
Where eternal treasure lies;
Purified by grace within,
Hating every deed of sin.
- 5 HOLY FATHER, hear our cry
Through THY SON, our LORD most High,
Whom our thankful hearts adore
With the SPIRIT evermore.

**335.**

L. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,
Thy beams chase night's dark shades away;
The very Light of Light THOU art,
Who dost that blessèd Light impart.

- 2 All-Holy LORD, to THEE we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend,
And grant us calm repose in THEE,
A quiet night from perils free.
- 3 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
Nor secret foe the heart possess,
Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
And make us in Thy sight impure.
- 4 Light slumber let our eyelids take,
The heart to THEE be still awake;
And Thy Right Hand protection be
To those who love and trust in THEE.
- 5 O LORD, our strong defence, be nigh;
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,
Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy Blood.
- 6 Remember us, dear LORD, we pray,
Whilst burthened in the flesh we stay;
Thou only canst the soul defend,
Be with us SAVIOUR, to the end.



Rogation Days.

336.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
 We trusted, LORD, with THEE,
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
 We wait on THY decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,
 The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
 All THINE, are ours by prayer.
- 4 THINE too by right, and ours by grace,
 The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
 The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth
 By sun and moon below,
That THEE in THY new heaven and earth
 We never may forego.

**337.**

- 1 God the FATHER, from THY throne,
 Hear us, we beseech THEE ;
God the co-eternal SON,
 Hear us, we beseech THEE ;
God the Spirit, mighty LORD,
 Hear us, we beseech THEE ;
THREE in ONE, by all adored,
 Hear us we beseech THEE.

JESU! JESU!

- 2 By THY wondrous Incarnation,
By THY birth for our salvation,
We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
From every ill defend us,
THY grace and mercy send us.

JESU! JESU!

- 3 By THY Fasting and Temptation,
By THY nights of supplication,
We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
From every ill defend us,
THY grace and mercy send us.

JESU! JESU!

- 4 By THY works and sweet compassion,
By THY Cross and bitter Passion,
We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
From every ill defend us.
THY grace and mercy send us.

JESU! JESU!

- 5 By THY Blood for sinners flowing,
By THY Death true life bestowing,
We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
From every ill defend us,
THY grace and mercy send us.

JESU! JESU!

- 6 By THY glorious Resurrection,
Earnest of our own perfection,

We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
 From every ill defend us,
 THY grace and mercy send us.

JESU! JESU!

- 7 To the FATHER'S throne ascended,
 All THY pain and sorrows ended,
 We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
 From every ill defend us,
 THY grace and mercy send us.

JESU! JESU!

- 8 Advocate for sinners pleading,
 With the FATHER interceding,
 We beseech THEE, we beseech THEE,
 From every ill defend us,
 THY grace and mercy send us. Amen.



Ember Days.

338.

C. M.

- 1 THE earth, O LORD, is one wide field
 Of all THY chosen seed;
 The crop prepared its fruit to yield;
 The labourers few indeed.
- 2 Therefore we come before THEE now
 With words of humble prayer,
 Beseeching of THY love that THOU
 Would'st send more labourers there.

- 3 Not for our land alone we pray,
 Though that above the rest,
 The realms and Islands far away,
 O let them all be blest.
- 4 Endue the Bishops of THY flock
 With wisdom and with grace,
 Against false doctrine, like a rock,
 To set the heart and face.
- 5 To all THY Priests THY truth reveal,
 And make THY judgments clear;
 Make THOU THY Deacons full of zeal,
 And humble, and sincere.
- 6 Give to their flocks a lowly mind
 To hear and to obey;
 That each and all may mercy find
 At THINE appearing day.

THE FESTIVALS.

St. Andrew.

339.

November 30th.

S. M.

- 1 OH, what if we are CHRIST'S
 Is earthly shame are loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the Cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 CHRIST'S sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

4 LORD, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here :

5 Enough if THOU at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath THY feet,
Where saints and angels live.



St. Thomas.

340.

December 21st.

111-1

- 1 CAPTAINS of the saintly band.
Lights who lighten every land.
Princes who with JESUS dwell,
Judges of HIS Israel ;
- 2 On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the Gospel light ;
Sin and error flee away,
Truth is shining on our way.
- 3 Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the Cross of shame
Rebel hearts for CHRIST ye tame.

4 Earth, that long in sin and pain
 Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
 Now to serve its God is free
 In the law of liberty.

5 Distant lands with one acclaim
 Tell the honour of your name,
 Who wherever man has trod,
 Teach the mysteries of God.



St. Stephen.

341.

December 26th.

III-1.

- 1 FIRST of Martyrs, thou whose name
 Doth thy golden crown proclaim ;
 Not of flowers that fade away
 Weave we this thy crown to-day.
- 2 Bright the stones, which bruise thee, gleam
 Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream ;
 Stars around thy sainted head
 Never could such radiance shed.
- 3 Every wound upon thy brow
 Sparkles with unearthly glow ;
 Like an angel's is thy face
 Beaming with celestial grace.
- 4 Oh ! how blessed first to be
 Slain for HIM Who bled for thee ;
 First like HIM in dying hour
 Witness to Almighty power.

- 5 First to follow where HE trod
Through the deep Red Sea of blood ;
First ; but in thy footsteps press
Saints and martyrs numberless.



St. John the Evangelist.

342.

December 27th.

C. M.

- 1 THE life which GOD'S Incarnate WORD
Lived here below with men,
Three blest Evangelists record,
With heaven inspired pen :
- 2 John soars on high, beyond the three,
To GOD the FATHER's throne,
And shews in what deep mystery
The WORD with GOD is One.
- 3 Upon the SAVIOUR's loving breast
Invited to recline,
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest
Rich stores of truth divine.
- 4 There too with that angelic love
Did he his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above
Breathes in his pages still.

3-13.

III-3

- 1 WORD Supreme before creation
 Born of GOD eternally,
 Who didst will for our salvation,
 To be born on earth, and die ;
 Well THY saints have kept their station,
 Watching till THINE hour drew nigh.
- 2 Now 'tis come, and faith espies THEE ;
 Like an eaglet in the morn,
 One in steadfast worship eyes THEE,
 THY beloved, THY latest born :
 In, THY glory he describes THEE
 Reigning from the tree of scorn.
- 3 HE upon THY bosom lying
 THY true tokens learned by heart ;
 And THY dearest pledge in dying,
 LORD, THOU didst to him impart ;
 Shew'dst him how, all grace supplying,
 Blood and water from THEE start.
- 4 He first, hoping and believing,
 Did beside the grave adore :
 Latest he the warfare leaving,
 Landed on th' eternal shore ;
 And his witness we receiving
 Own THEE LORD for evermore.
- 5 Much he asked in loving wonder,
 On THY bosom leaning, LORD ;
 In that secret place of thunder,

Answer kind didst THOU accord,
 Wisdom for THY Church to ponder
 Till the day of dread award.

6 Lo ! heaven's doors lift up, revealing
 How THY judgments earthward move,
 Strolls unfolded, trumpets pealing.
 Wine cups from the wrath above ;
 Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing—
 “ Little children, trust and love ! ”

7 THEE, the Almighty KING eternal,
 FATHER of th' eternal WORD,
 THEE, the FATHER'S WORD supernal,
 THEE, of Both, the BREATH adored
 Heaven and earth, and realms infernal
 Own, One glorious God and LORD.



The Innocent's Day.

344.

December 28th.

L. M.

1 A HYMN for martyrs sweetly sing ;
 For Innocents your praises bring ;
 Of whom in tears was earth bereaved,
 Whom heaven with songs of joy received :
 Whose angels see the FATHER'S Face
 World without end, and hymn His grace,
 And, while they praise their glorious KING,
 A hymn for Martyrs sweetly sing.

- 2 A voice from Ramah was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament,
While Rachel mourned her children sore
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore.
Triumphal is their glory now
Whom earthly sufferings could not bow;
For whom, by cruel torments rent,
A voice from Ramah was there sent.
- 3 Fear not, O little flock and blest,
The lion that your life oppressed:
To heavenly pastures ever new
The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you,
Who dwelling now on Sion's hill
The Lamb's own footsteps follow still,
By tyrant there no more distressed:
Fear not, O little flock and blest.
- 4 And every tear is wip'd away
By your dear FATHER's hands for aye:
Death hath no power to hurt you more;
Your own is life's eternal shore,
And all who, good seed bearing weep,
In everlasting joy shall reap;
What time they shine in heavenly day,
And every tear is wiped away.

**345.**

S. M.

- 1 GLORY, to THEE, O LORD,
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

- 2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.
- 3 Glory to THEE for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard THY call,
And reached the quiet land.
- 4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from THY sight.
- 5 LORD, help us every hour
THY cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify THY power,
In death to praise THY Name.



The Circumcision of Christ.

346.

January 1st.

S. M.

- 1 THE ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease;
For JESUS makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.
- 2 The Light of Light divine,
True brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A Holy Spotless Child.

3 His Infant Body now
Begins our pain to feel;
Those precious drops of Blood that flow
For death the victim seal.

4 To-day the Name is THINE
At which we bend the knee;
They call THEE JESUS, Child Divine!
Our JESUS deign to be.

5 All praise, Eternal SON,
For THY redeeming love,
With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever one,
In glorious might above.



347.

L. M.

- 1 O BLESSED DAY, when first was poured
The blood of our redeeming LORD!
O Blessèd Day, when first began
His sufferings borne for sinful man!
- 2 Scarce entered on this life of woe,
His infant Blood begins to flow;
A foretaste of His death HE feels,
An earnest of His love reveals.
- 3 From heaven descending to fulfil
The bidding of His FATHER'S will,
A victim even now He lies
Before the day of sacrifice.

310 THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

- 4 For love of us His woes begin ;
The Sinless suffers for our sin ;
The Law's great Maker for our aid
Obedient to the Law is made.
- 5 The wound He through the Law endures
Our freedom from that Law secures ;
Henceforth a holier law prevails,
The law of love which never fails.
- 6 LORD, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
And take what is not THINE away,
Write THINE own Name within our hearts,
THY law upon our inmost parts.



The Conversion of St. Paul.

348.

January 25th.

II-6

- 1 CHRIST's foe becomes His soldier,
The wolf destroys no more,
A sheep within the sheepfold
He enters by the door.
- 2 O voice of God Almighty,
What wonders hath it wrought !
It rends the lofty cedars,
It bends the haughty thought.
- 3 JESU, our Shepherd, cease not
THY flock from harm to free,
And when THY sheep are wandering
O lead them back to THEE,

349.

III-5.

- 1 'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing?
Saul, what madness drives thee on!
Innocents in fury crushing,
Children of the sinless One?
O, how shortly
Shall He make His vengeance known!
- 2 See the LORD, from heaven descending,
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low
See the persecutor bending
Humbly, meekly, to the blow;
See him rising,
Friend to CHRIST, no longer foe.
- 3 Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,
O, how fierce his anger burned;
Trembling now, and lost his daring,
Meek obedience he has learned;
The destroyer
Now into a lamb is turned.
- 4 CHRIST, THY power is man's salvation,
Hardest hearts THOU mak'st THINE own;
He who wrought such desolation,
That THY Name might be o'erthrown;
Now converted,
Thro' the the world that Name makes known
- 5 Praise the FATHER, GOD of heaven,
Him Who reigns supreme on high;
Praise the SON for sinners given
Both to suffer and to die,
Praise the SPIRIT
Guiding us most lovingly.

Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

350.

February 2nd.

C. M.

- 1 O SION, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear,
A Priest and Victim both in one,
The truth Himself, is here.
- 2 No more the simple flock shall bleed, ;
Behold the FATHER'S SON,
Himself to HIS own altar comes,
For sinners to atone.
- 3 Conscious of hidden Deity
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.
- 4 The hoary Simeon sees at last,
His LORD so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's Hope,
With sudden rapture fired.
- 5 But silent knelt the mother blest,
Of the yet silent WORD,
And, pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

St. Matthias.

351.

February 24th.

C. M.

- 1 How bright those glorious spirits shine,
 Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light:
And in the blood of CHRIST have washed
 Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
And serve the GOD they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor sun with scorching ray;
GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams,
 Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The LAMB, Who reigns upon the throne,
 Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment devine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 'Mid pastures green He'll lead HIS flock,
 Where living streams appear;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

352.

March 25th,

S. M.

1 PRAISE we the LORD this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

2 The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read,
A Virgin, born of Davids line,
Shall bear the promised seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the LORD.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The INCARNATE SAVIOUR's birth.



St. Mark.

353.

April 25th.

P. M.

1 COME pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;

Blessèd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from GOD to lost mankind.

- 2 See the Rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our LORD most dear ;
CHRIST the fountain, these the waters ;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

- 3 O, that we THY truth confessing,
And THY holy word possessing,
JESU, may THY love adore ;
Unto THEE our voices raising,
THEE with all THY ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.



St. Philip and St. James.

354.

May 1st.

L. M.

- 1 YE servants of our glorious KING,
To HIM your thankful praises bring ;
And tell the deeds that grace has done,
The triumphs by HIS martyrs won.
- 2 Since they were faithful to the last,
Their holy struggles now are past ;
The bitterness of death is o'er,
And theirs is bliss for evermore.

- 3 The flame did scorch, the knife lay bare,
And cruel beasts their members tear,
No powers of earth, no powers of hell
The souls that loved their LORD could quell.
- 4 For ever broken is the chain,
That sought to bind them, bat in vain ;
O let us strive like them to win
Our freedom from the bonds of sin.
- 5 O SAVIOUR ! may our portion be
With those who gave themselves to THEE,
Through all eternity to sing
All praise to THEE, the Martyrs' KING.



St. Barnabas.

355.

June 11th.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU Whose all redeeming might
Crowns every Chief in faith's true fight,
On this commemoration day
Hear us, good JESUS, while we pray.
- 2 In faithful strife for THY dear name
THY servant earned the saintly fame,
Which pious hearts with praise revere
In constant memory year by year.
- 3 Earth's fleeting joys he counted naught,
For higher, truer joys he sought,
And now with angels round THY Throne
Unfading treasures are his own.

- 4 O grant that we, most gracious God,
May follow in the steps he trod ;
And freed from every stain of sin,
As he hath won, may also win.
- 5 To THEE, O CHRIST, our loving KING,
All glory, praise, and thanks we bring ;
Whom with the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore.



St John Baptist.

356.

June 24th.

L. M.

- 1 THE great forerunner of the morn,
The herald of the WORD is born ;
And faithful hearts shall never fail
With thanks and praise his light to hail.
- 2 With heavenly message Gabriel came,
That John should be that herald's name,
And with prophetic utterance told
His actions great and manifold.
- 3 John, still unborn, yet gave aright
His witness to the coming Light ;
And CHRIST, the Sun of all the earth,
Fulfilled that witness at His Birth.
- 4 Of woman born shall never be
A greater prophet than was he,
Whose mighty deeds exalt his fame
To greater than a prophet's name.

5 But why should mortal accents raise
 The hymn of John the Baptist's praise?
 Of whom, or ere his course was run,
 Thus spake the FATHER to the SON:

6 Behold MY herald, who shall go
 Before THY Face THY way to show,
 And shine as with the day-star's gleam,
 Before THINE own eternal beam.



St. Peter.

357.

June 29th.

L. M.

- 1 THE eternal gifts of CHRIST the KING,
 The Apostles' glory, let us sing;
 And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
 Due hymns of thankful love and praise.
- 2 For they the Churches' princes are,
 Triumphant leaders in the war,
 In heavenly courts a warrior band,
 True lights to lighten every land.
- 3 Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
 And hope that never yields nor faints,
 And love of CHRIST in perfect glow,
 That lays the prince of this world low.
- 4 In them the FATHER's glory shone,
 In them the will of GOD the SON,
 In them exults the HOLY GHOST,
 Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

- 5 To THEE, Redeemer, now we cry,
That THOU wouldst join to them on high
THY servants, who this grace implore,
For ever and for evermore.



St. James.

358.

July 25th.

L. M.

- 1 O GOD, THY soldiers' great Reward,
Their Portion, Crown, and faithful LORD,
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing THY martyr's victory.
- 2 By wisdom taught he learned to know
The vanity of all below,
The fleeting joys of earth disdained
And everlasting glory gained.
- 3 Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore;
For THEE he poured his life away,
With THEE he lives in endless day.
- 4 We therefore pray THEE, LORD of love,
Regard us from THY throne above;
On this THY martyr's triumph day,
Wash every stain of sin away.
- 5 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
All praise, Eternal SON, to THEE,
Whom with the spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

St. Bartholomew.

359.

August 24th.

S. M.

1 FOR THY dear saint, O LORD,
Who strove in THEE to live,
Who followed THEE, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For THY dear saint, O LORD,
Who strove in THEE to die,
And found in THEE a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3 THINE earthly members fit
To join THY saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 JESU, THY name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for THEE.



St. Matthew.

360.

September 21st.

C. M.

1 BEHOLD the messengers of CHRIST,
Who sow in every place
The unveiled mysteries of God,
The Gospel of His grace.

2 The things through, mists and shadows dim,
By holy prophet seen
In the full light of day they saw
With not a cloud between.

- 3 What CHRIST, True Man, divinely wrought,
 What God in manhood bore,
 They wrote as God inspired in words
 That live for evermore.
- 4 Although in space and time apart,
 One SPIRIT ruled them all,
 And in their sacred pages still
 We hear that SPIRIT's call.



St. Michael and all Angels.

361.

September 29th.

III-4.

- 1 CHRIST in highest heaven enthronèd
 Equal of the FATHER's Might,
 By pure spirits, trembling ownèd,
 God of God, and Light of Light,
 THEE 'mid angel hosts we sing,
 THEE their Maker and their KING :
- 2 All who circling round adore THEE,
 All who bow before THY Throne,
 Burn with flaming zeal before THEE,
 THY behests to carry down ;
 To and fro, 'twixt earth and heaven
 Speed they each on errands given.
- 3 First of all those legions glorious
 Michael waves his sword of flame,
 Who of old in war victorious
 Did the Dragon's fierceness tame ;
 Who with might invincible
 Thrust the rebel down to hell.

- 4 They to aid the sick and dying
 Called from heaven to swiftly fly,
 Grace divine and strength supplying,
 In their mortal agony ;
 Souls released from bondage here,
 They to Paradise do bear.
- 5 To the FATHER praise be given
 By the unfallen angel-host,
 Who in His great war have striven
 With the legions of the lost ;
 Equal praise in highest heaven
 To the SON and HOLY GHOST.

**362.**

L. M.

- 1 PRAISE to God, Who reigns above,
 Binding earth and heaven in love ;
 All the armies of the sky
 Worship His dread sovereignty.
- 2 Seraphim His praises sing,
 Cherubim on fourfold wing,
 Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
 Ranks of Might that never cowers.
- 3 Angel hosts His word fulfil,
 Ruling nature by His will ;
 Round His throne Archangels pour
 Songs of praise for evermore.
- 4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
 All that bright celestial state,
 For true Man their LORD they see,
 CHRIST, the Incarnate Deity.

- 5 On the Throne our LORD Who died
Sits in manhood glorified,
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.
- 6 O the depths of joy divine
Thrilling through those odours nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign.
- 7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



St. Luke.

363.

October 18th.

L. M.

- 1 Not by the martyr's death alone
The saint his crown in heaven has won,
There is a triumph robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.
- 2 What though he was not called to feel
The cross or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died,
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.
- 3 What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To CHRIST a grateful sacrifice.

4 LORD, grant us so to THEE to turn
That we to die through life may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
Rejoice with THEE for evermore.

5 O Fount of sanctity and love,
O perfect Rest of saints above,
All praise, all glory be to THEE,
Both now and through eternity.



St. Simon and St. Jude.

364.

October 28th.

P. M.

1 THERE is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around,

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well,
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious Throne,
Ten thousand saints adore
CHRIST, with the FATHER One
And SPIRIT evermore.

- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the LAMB who died,
 And count each sacred Wound
 In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
 To give to HIM the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things HE hath done.
- 4 Look up ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your SAVIOUR trod
 Of daily toil and woe:
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 HIS own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.



All Saint's Day.

365.

November 1st.

III-4.

- 1 Who are these like stars appearing,
 These, before God's Throne who stand;
 Each a golden crown is wearing,
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Alleluia! hark they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly KING.
- 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God's own righteousness;
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness
 Shall their lustre still possess,

Still untoched by time's rude hand,
Whence comes all this glorious band ?

- 3 These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR'S honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the LAMB have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, the Almighty contemplating
Did as priests before HIM stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command :
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His Face.

**366.**

II-6

- 1 O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
THOU storest in THY walls.
THOU art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing ;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the KING.

- 2 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all, the Crown;
The LAMB, the light that shineth,
And never goeth down.
Naught to this seat approacheth,
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 3 Sure Hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.
To CHRIST the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To FATHER and to SPIRIT
All things created bow.



367.

L. M.

- 1 Lo, round the Throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see their SAVIOUR face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
HIM day and night they ceaseless praise;
To HIM the loud thanksgiving raise:

4 "Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
THOU hast redeemed us by THY Blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

5 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.



368.

III-I

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
"Blessing, honour, glory, power,
"Wisdom, riches, to obtain
"New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with HIS eternal name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed,
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels their fears;
 And, for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.



Thanksgiving Day.

369.

III-2.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days,
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let THY praise our tongues employ:
 All to THEE, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 LORD, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 LORD, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams,
Pure religion's holier beams ;
LORD, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

**370.**

C. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, GOD of love,
How rich THY bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim THY constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
THY goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, LORD, was THINE
The plants in beauty grew ;
THOU gav'st the summer suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns THY love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless THY gracious sway ;
THY hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

371.

III-1.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise our God and KING !
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Praise HIM that HE made the Sun
Day by day His course to run ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 3 And the silver Moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise HIM that HE gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure.
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Praise HIM for our Harvest-store,
HE hath filled our Garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :
- 7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

372.

III-1.

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
- 2 What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final Harvest-Hour:
Grant, O LORD of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.
- 3 For we know that THOU wilt come,
And wilt take THY people home;
From THY field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And THINE Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In THY Garner evermore.
- 4 Come then, LORD of mercy, come,
Bid us sing THY Harvest-Home!
Let THY Saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;

All upon the golden floor
Praising THEE for evermore ;
Come, with thousand Angels, come :
Bid us sing THY Harvest-Home !



333.

II-3.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank THEE for the ripened grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
THY servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the KING of Kings :
So, LORD, to those who sleep in THEE,
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of THY Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task :
So shall THINE Angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt : the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their FATHER's store.
- 4 Daily, O LORD, our prayers be said,
As THOU hast taught, for daily bread ;

But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting sp'rits' need :
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be THOU their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

374.

C. M.

- 1 'Tis by THY strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !
The sea grows calm at THY command,
And tempests cease to lower.
- 2 THY morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
THY plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;
THY flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are THINE ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering fountains of the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
THY ways abound with blessings still,
THY goodness crowns the year.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

375.

III-1

- 1 WHAT our FATHER does is well ;
Blessèd truth His children tell !
Though HE send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.
- 2 What our FATHER does is well ;
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
If a blessing HE withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our Store eternally ?
- 3 What our FATHER does is well ;
Though HE sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies ;
HE has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod ?
- 4 What our FATHER does is well ;
May the thought within us dwell ;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.
- 5 Therefore, unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs, of praise ;

To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity.

**376.**

P. M.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The FATHER, now be given,
The SON, and HIM who reigns,
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

377.

L. M.

- 1 SALVATION doth to GOD belong,
His power and grace shall be our song
From HIM alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe!
- 2 Then praise this GOD, who bows his ear
Propitious to HIS people's prayer;
And though deliv'rance HE may stay,
Yet answers still in HIS own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by THINE Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To THEE, our SAVIOUR and our KING;
- 4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to THY praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To THEE a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in THY glorious sight
Still in THY precepts and THY fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.



378.

P. M.

- 1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty LORD,
Whose Arm hath brought salvation;

- His works of love proclaim
 The greatness of His Name;
 For HE is God alone
 Who hath His mercy shewn;
 Let all His Saints adore HIM!
- 2 When in distress to HIM we cried,
 HE heard our sad complaining;
 Oh, trust in HIM, whate'er betide,
 His love is all-sustaining;
 Triumphant songs of praise
 To HIM our hearts shall raise;
 Now every voice shall say,
 "O praise our God alway;"
 Let all His Saints adore HIM!
- 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation;
 Rejoice and praise our mighty LORD,
 Whose Arm hath brought salvation;
 His words of love proclaim
 The greatness of His Name;
 For HE is God alone
 Who hath His mercy shewn;
 Let all His Saints adore HIM!



Fast Day.

379.

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY LORD, before THY throne
 THY mourning people bend:
 'Tis on THY pardoning grace alone,
 Our prostrate hopes depend.

- 2 Dark judgments, from THY heavy hand,
 THY dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine;
 For error, guilt, and shame;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the christian name.
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty LORD,
 Convert us by THY grace;
Then shall our hearts obey THY word,
 And see again THY face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
 We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
 When God, our God, is near.

**380.**

III-3

- 1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
 From THY temple in the skies,
Hear THY people's supplications,
 Now for their deliv'rance rise;
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning.
 Humbly at THY feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding
Long and loud for vengeance call,
THOU hast mercy more abounding,
JESUS' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgressions,
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save THY people from oppression,
Save from spoil THY holy place.

**381.**

L. M.

- 1 GOD of our life, to THEE we call,
Afflicted at THY feet we fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall we pour our sad complaint ?
Where but with THEE, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever sinner plead with THEE,
And THOU reject his lowly plea ?
Does not THY word still pledged remain,
That none shall seek THY face in vain ?
- 4 Then hear, O LORD, our humble cry,
And bend on us THY pitying eye :
To THEE their prayer THY people make,
Hear us, for our REDEEMER's sake.

382.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought ;
- 2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before THY throne,
And cry, O faithful GOD, to THEE
For rescue from our misery :
- 3 To THEE may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,
And seek THY pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.
- 4 For THOU hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to THEE,
Through HIM Whose Name alone is great,
Our SAVIOUR and our Advocate.
- 5 And thus we come, O GOD, to-day,
And all our woes before THEE lay,
For tried afflicted, lo ! we stand,
Perils and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah, hide not for our sins THY face,
Absolve us through THY boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still;
Free us at last from every ill.
- 7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to THEE,
And walk obedient to THY word,
And now and ever praise the LORD.

War.

383.

L. M.

- 1 O God of love, O KING of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 2 Remember LORD, THY works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but THEE, O LORD ?
Where rest, but on THY faithful word ?
None ever called on THEE in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.



384.

L. M.

- 1 Now may the God of grace and power
Attend His people's humble cry ;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 In His salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts;
 Our surest expectations are
 From THEE, the LORD of heavenly hosts!
- 4 Then save us, LORD, from slavish fear,
 And let our trust be firm and strong,
 Till THY salvation shall appear,
 And hymns of peace conclude our song.



Famine.

385.

II-1.

- 1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
 The budding fig-tree droop and die,
 No oil the olive yield;
 Yet will I trust me in my GOD,
 Yea, bend rejoicing to HIS rod,
 And by HIS grace be healed.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
 By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
 Or parched by scorching beam;
 Still in the LORD shall be my trust,
 My joy; for, though HIS frown is just,
 His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
 Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
 And round the empty stall;

My soul above the wreck shall rise,
 Its better joys are in the skies ;
 There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
 I yet will hope and calmly rest,
 Nay, triumph in His love ;
 My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
 Free as the hind He makes, and fleet
 To speed my course above.



386.

C. M.

- 1 THY chastening wrath, O LORD, restrain,
 Though we deserve it all ;
 Nor let on us the heavy storm
 Of THY displeasure fall.
- 2 Our sins, which to a deluge swell,
 Our sinking heads o'erflow,
 And, for our feeble strength to bear,
 Too vast a burden grow.
- 3 But, LORD, before THY searching eyes
 All our desires appear ;
 The groanings of our burden'd souls
 Have reached THINE open ear.
- 4 Forsake us not, O LORD, our God,
 Nor far from us depart :
 Make haste to our relief, O THOU,
 Who our salvation art.

Pestilence.

387.

C. M.

- 1 In grief and fear, to THEE, O LORD,
We now for succour fly,
THINE awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.
- 2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath,
And Pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.
- 3 O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let THINE Angel stand between
The living and the dead.
- 4 With contrite hearts to THEE, our KING,
We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.



The End of the Year.

388.

C. M.

- 1 TIME hastens on; ye longing saints
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sov'reign love
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 As time departs, salvation comes,
Each moment brings it near;

Then welcome each declining day ;
Welcome each closing year.

- 3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

**389.**

III-1.

- 1 FOR THY mercy and THY grace
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
JESU, our Redeemer, hear.
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be THOU our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With THY rod and staff, O God,
Comfort THOU his dying bed.
- 4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore THINE own,
Help THY servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within THY palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
THEE the only Potentate,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings.

The New Year.

390.

C. M.

- 1 THE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears ;
- 2 THY thankful people praise THEE, LORD,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the Faith
Which saints of old believed.
- 3 To THEE we come, O gracious LORD,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness.
- 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.
- 5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good LORD, for THEE.
- 6 O FATHER, let THY watchful Eye,
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise THEE, year by year,
As angels do above.

391.

III-1.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, LORD, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless THY word to young and old ;
Fill us with a SAVIOUR'S love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with THEE above.

392.

III-3.

- 1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let THY sorrows be ;
By THY pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto THEE :
Of THY Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told ;
Let them see THEE in THY glory,
And THY mercy manifold.
- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for THEE each mortal breast ;
Human tears for THEE are flowing,
Human hearts in THEE would rest ;
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
THEE they seek, as GOD of Heaven,
THEE, as Man, for sinners slain.
- 3 SAVIOUR, lo, the isles are waiting.
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For THY SPIRIT new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the LAMB be sung.



393.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does HIS successive journeys run ;

- His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To HIM shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er HE reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where HE displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In HIM the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our KING:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

**394.**

L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are THY mercies, LORD,
And truth Eternal is THY Word ;
THY praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

395.

L. M

- 1 O SPIRIT of the Living GOD !
In all THY plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling WORD
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at THY coming, light,
Confusion, order, in THY path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of JESUS glorify,
Till ev'ry people call HIM LORD.

396.

H-I

- 1 WHEN, LORD, to this our Western land,
Led by THY providential hand,
Our wand'ring fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of THY truth,
To keep them in THY name.

- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,
 The desert features soon were lost ;
 THY temples there arose ;
 Our shores, as culture made them fair,
 Were hallow'd by THY rites, by prayer,
 And blossom'd as the rose.
- 3 And O ! may we repay this debt
 To regions solitary yet
 Within our spreading land !
 There, brethren, from our common home,
 Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;
 Still guided by THY hand.
- 4 SAVIOUR ! we own this debt of love,
 O shed THY SPIRIT from above,
 To move each Christian breast ;
 Till heralds shall THY truth proclaim
 And temples rise to fix THY name
 Through all our desert west.

**397.**

II-6

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from errour's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The LAMB for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.



398.

P. M.

- 1 THOU, Whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,

Hear us we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel-day
 Sheds not its glorious ray
 Let there be light!

2 THOU, Who didst come to bring
 On THY redeeming wing
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Oh! now to all mankind
 Let there be light!

3 SPIRIT of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth THY flight;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Spreading the beams of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and Holy THREE,
 Glorious TRINITY,
 Grace, Love, and Might:
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the world, far and wide,
 Let there be light!



399.

L. M.

1 ARM of the LORD, awake, awake!
 Put on THY strength! the nations shake!
 And let the world adoring see,
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by THREE.

- 2 Say to the heathen from THY throne,
I am JEHOVAH—God alone!
THY voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Almighty God! THY grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home.
- 4 Arm of the LORD, awake, awake!
Put on THY strength! the nations shake!
Let hostile powers before THEE fall,
And crown the SAVIOUR, LORD of all.
-
- 400.** L. M.
- 1 YE Christian heralds go proclaim
Salvation through IMMANUEL's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when your labours all are o'er
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown MESSIAH LORD of all.

401.

C. M.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead,
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The LORD's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,"
And "keep not back, O North !"
- 4 They come, they come ; THINE exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

402.

IV-L.

-
- 1 How wondrous and great
THY works, GOD of praise ;
How just, KING of saints,
And true are THY ways :
O who shall not fear THEE,

And honour THY Name :
 THOU only art holy,
 THOU only supreme.

- 2 To nations long dark
 · THY light shall be shown ;
 Their worship and vows
 Shall come to THY throne ;
 THY truth and THY judgments
 Shall spread all abroad,
 Till earth's every people
 Confess THEE their God.



493.

III-5.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze !
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace ;
 Morn of gladness !
 Let thy glorious dawn appear.
- 2 Let the dark benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary :
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound, from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, LORD, the glorious light ;
 Now, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
 Let Redemption
 Freely purchased, rule the day.

4 Fly abroad, THOU mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May THY lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase :
Sway THY sceptre,
SAVIOUR, all the world around.

**404.**

L. M.

- 1 DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppress'd
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around ?
- 2 LORD visit THY forsaken race,
Back to THY fold the wanderers bring ;
Teach them to seek THY slighted grace,
And hail in CHRIST their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.
- 5 Hail glorious day, expected long !
When Jews and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

405.

L. M.

- 1 HIGH on the bending willows hung
Israel, stills sleeps the tuneful string ?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing ?
- 2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains ;
Thy promis'd King His sceptre sways ;
Behold thy own MESSIAH reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And weeping, think on Jordan's flood ;
In every clime behold a home ;
In every temple see THY God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require ;
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;
THY friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string ?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing ?



Burial of the Dead.

406.

C. M.

- 1 Lo! what a cloud of witnessess
Encompass us around ;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd :

- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
JESUS, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:
- 4 HE, for the joy before HIM set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame;
And now HE reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand!
There, with the SAVIOUR and HIS Saints
Triumphantly to stand.

**407.**

L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in JESUS! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in JESUS, oh! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting.

- 3 Asleep in JESUS! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the SAVIOUR'S power.
- 4 Asleep in JESUS, oh! for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in JESUS! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But there is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

**108.**

L. M.

- 1 LET saints on earth in concert sing
 With those whose work is done;
 For all the servants of our KING
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in HIM,
 One Church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To HIS command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
 There pass some spirits blest,
 While others to the margin come,
 Waiting their call to rest.

5 JESU, be THOU our constant Guide;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And bring us safe to heaven.



409.

C. M.

1 BEHOLD the radiant, countless host
 Of angels clothed in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just
 Whose faith is changed to sight.

2 Behold the bless'd assembly there
 Whose names are writ in heaven,
 Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
 Their sins, through CHRIST, forgiven!

3 Angels, and living saints and dead,
 But one communion make;
 All join in CHRIST, their vital Head,
 And of HIS love partake.



410.

P. M.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
 tomb;

Thy SAVIOUR hath passed through its portals
before thee,

And the lamp of His love was thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy were spread to
enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
forsaking,

Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered
long;

But the mild rays of Paradise dawned on thy
waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the
Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,

Whose GOD was thy Ransom, thy Guardian
and Guide:

HE gave thee, HE took thee, and HE will re-
store thee;

And death hath no sting, for the SAVIOUR
hath died.

411.

III-1

- 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.
- 2 THOU our throbbing flesh hast worn,
THOU our mortal griefs hast borne,
THOU hast shed the human tear;
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.
- 4 THOU hast bowed the dying head,
THOU the blood of life hast shed,
THOU hast filled a mortal bier;
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

412.

C. M.

-
- 1 LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, THOU know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On THEE alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, LORD, depend.

5 LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.



413.

D. S. M.

1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;

Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime,
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more ;
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more ;
Then, O my LORD prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in THY precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign;
 Then O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day,
 O wash me in THY precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.



To be used at Sea.

414.

C. M.

1 GOD of the seas! THINE awful voice
 Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
 And one soft word of THY command
 Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
 Sportful, to THEE a tribute pays;
 And largest monsters of the deep,
 At THY command, or rage or sleep.

Thus is THY glorious power adored
 Among the watery nations, LORD!
 Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
 Forget the mighty God who saves!



415.

IV-5

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
 [streaming,

2 O CHRIST, Whose voice the waters heard
 And hushed their raging at THY word,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amidst its rage did sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to THEE
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most HOLY SPIRIT, Who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 And bid its angry tumult cease,
 And, give for wild confusion, peace :
 O hear us when we cry to THEE
 For those in peril on the sea.

4 O TRINITY of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wherso'er they go ;
 Thus evermore shall rise to THEE
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



417.

III-5

1 GOD the LORD a KING remaineth,
 Robed in HIS own glorious light ;
 GOD hath robed HIM, and HE reigneth ;
 HE hath girded HIM with might :
 Hallelujah !
 GOD is KING in depth and height.

- 2 LORD ! the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean-floods have raised their roar,
 Now they pause where they have drifted,
 Now they burst upon the shore :
 Hallelujah !
 From the ocean's sounding store.
- 3 With all tones of waters blending
 Glorious is the breaking deep ;
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Hallelujah !
 Songs of ocean never sleep.
- 4 LORD ! the words THY lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity ;
 Of THINE high, eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be :
 Hallelujah !
 Pure is all that lives with THEE.



418.

III-I

- 1 LORD, go with us, and we go
 Safely through the weariest length,
 Travelling, if THOU will'st it so,
 In the greatness of THY strength.
- 2 Through the day and through the dark,
 Over land and over sea,
 Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
 Bring us where we fain would be.

419.

III-1.

- 1 GLORY to the FATHER give,
God in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Glory to the SON we bring,
CHRIST our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the LAMB, for HE was slain.
- 3 Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
HE reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may HE inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed TRINITY,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."



420.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN JESUS left His heavenly throne,
HE chose an humble birth;
Like us unhonour'd and unknown,
HE came to dwell on earth:
- 2 Like HIM, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace.
Like HIM, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

- 3 Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round Him press'd;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd:
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in His arms,
May we forever lie.

**421.**

L. M.

- 1 O HOLY LORD, content to dwell
In a poor home, a lowly Child,
With meek obedience noting well
Each bidding of THY mother mild;
- 2 Lead every child that bears THY Name
To walk in THY pure upright way,
To shun the paths of sin and shame,
And humbly, like THYSELF, obey.
- 3 Let not this world's unhallowed glow
The fresh baptismal dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too roughly blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.
- 4 Gather THY lambs within THINE arm,
And gently in THY bosom bear,
Protect them still from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

- 5 So shall they, waiting here below,
Like THEE, their LORD, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.



422,

III-1

- 1 GOD eternal, mighty KING,
Unto THEE our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship THEE,
We amid the throng would be.
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! cry
Angels round THY throne on high:
LORD of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not THOU a mission too
For THY children here to do?
- 4 With the Prophets' goodly line,
We in mystic bond combine;
For THOU hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
O, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.

6 GOD eternal, mighty KING,
 Unto THEE our praise we bring;
 To the FATHER, and the SON,
 And the SPIRIT, Three in One.



423.

III-3.

- 1 HEAVENLY FATHER, send THY blessing
 On THY children gathered here,
 May they all, THY Name confessing,
 Be to THEE for ever dear:
 May they be, like Joseph, loving,
 Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
 And their faith, like David, proving,
 Steadfast unto death endure.
- 2 HOLY SAVIOUR, Who in meekness,
 Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,
 Bless and make them like to THEE;
 Bear THY lambs when they are weary
 In THINE arms and at THY breast,
 Through life's desert dry and dreary
 Bring them to THY heavenly rest.
- 3 Spread THY golden pinions o'er them,
 HOLY SPIRIT, from above,
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,
 Give them peace, and joy, and love:
 THY true temples, HOLY SPIRIT,
 May they with THY glory shine,
 And immortal bliss inherit,
 And for evermore be THINE.

424.

III-3

- 1 GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to THEE ;
Gathered with THINE arms, and carried
In THY bosom may we be ;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From THY fold to go astray ;
By THY look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way ;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.
- 3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream THY love supplied,
Mingled stream of Blood and Water
Flowing from THY wounded Side ;
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where THINE own still waters glide.
- 4 Let THY holy Word instruct us ;
Fill our minds with heavenly light ;
Let THY love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take THINE easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove THY burden light.
- 5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth THY children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring ;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our LORD and KING.

425.

II-6

- 1 COME, sing with holy gladness,
High Alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud Hosannas
To JESUS LORD and KING;
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.
- 2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's KING;
For JESUS is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
To one REDEEMER blest.
- 3 O boys be strong in JESUS
To toil for Him is gain,
And JESUS wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
O maidens live for JESUS,
Who was a maiden's SON;
Be patient, pure and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.
- 4 Soon in the golden City
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day;

O CHRIST, prepare THY children
 With that triumphant throng
 To pass the burnished portals,
 And sing th' eternal song.

426.

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, behold before THY throne
 A band of children lowly bend;
 THY face we seek, THY name we own,
 And pray that THOU wilt be our friend.
- 2 THOU didst on earth the young receive,
 And gently fold them to THY breast,
 And say that such in heaven should live,
 For ever safe, for ever blest.
- 3 THY HOLY SPIRIT'S aid impart,
 That HE may teach us how to pray;
 Make us sincere, and let each heart
 Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
- 4 Oh, let THY grace our souls renew,
 And seal a sense of pardon there;
 Teach us THY will to know and do,
 And let us all THINE image bear.

427.

P. M.

- 1 IN the vineyard of our FATHER,
 Daily work we find to do;
 Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
 Though we are but young and few;
 Little clusters
 Help to fill the garners, too.

- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray,
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings, by the way.
- 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel, o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our LORD and SAVIOUR's birth,
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
CHRIST shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.
- 5 Steadfast then in our endeavor
Heavenly FATHER, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to THEE;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity.

N. B.—The metre marks, affixed to the Hymns, refer to a division of the Metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four Classes marked—I., II., III., IV.

CLASS I. includes Common, Long, Short and Peculiar metres, marked C. M., L. M., S. M., P. M.

CLASS II. includes the other Iambic metres, eight in number, marked II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c., which may be named *Two, one*; *Two, two*; *Two, three*, &c.

CLASS III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c., which may be named *Three, one*; *Three, two*, &c.

CLASS IV. includes the metres consisting of Anapæsts, being five in number marked IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c., and may be named *Four, one*; *Four two*, &c.



CLASS I.

C. M.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST

The GOD whom we adore,

Be glory as it was is now,

And shall be evermore.

L. M.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

TO GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.



CLASS II.

II-1.

TO FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore ;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II-2.

TO FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore ;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II-3.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II-4.

To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II-5.

To GOD the FATHER, and to GOD the SON,
To GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II-6.

ETERNAL praise be given,
And songs of highest worth
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To GOD, supreme confess'd,
To CHRIST, His only SON,
And to the SPIRIT bless'd,
Eternal Three in One.

II-7.

To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT bless'd,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,
 Be highest glory given,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore,
 By all in earth and heaven.

II-8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,
 Be everlasting glory given,
 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT; equal Three
 In undivided Unity,
 Ere time had yet its course begun:
 As was, and is, be highest praise,
 And still shall be through endless days.

 CLASS .III.

III-1.

HOLY FATHER, holy SON,
 Holy SPIRIT, Three in One!
 Glory, as of old, to THEE,
 Now, and evermore shall be!

III-2.

PRaise the Name of GOD most high,
 Praise Him all below the sky,
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

III-3.

PRAISE the FATHER, earth and heaven,
 Praise the SON, the SPIRIT praise,
 As it was, and is be given
 Glory through eternal days.

III-4.

To the FATHER, throned in heaven,
 To the SAVIOUR, CHRIST, His SON,
 To the SPIRIT, praise be given,
 Everlasting Three in One :
 As of old, the Trinity
 Still is worshipp'd still shall be.

III-5.

GREAT JEHOVAH ! we adore THEE,
 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 GOD the SPIRIT, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal Throne :
 Endless praises
 To JEHOVAH, Three in One.



CLASS IV.

IV-1.

By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd
 To GOD in Three Persons,
 One GOD ever bless'd,
 As it has been, now is,
 And ever shall be.

IV-2.

ALL praise to the FATHER, the SON,
 And SPIRIT, thrice holy and bless'd,
 Th' eternal, supreme Three in one,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV-3.

ALL praise to the FATHER, all praise to the SON,
 All praise to the SPIRIT, thrice bless'd,
 The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV-4.

O FATHER Almighty, to THEE be address'd,
 With CHRIST and the SPIRIT, one God ever
 bless'd,
 All glory and worship from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV-5.

ALL glory and praise to the FATHER be given,
 The SON, and the SPIRIT, from earth and from
 heaven;
 As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
 And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.



COME, let us adore HIM ; come bow at HIS feet;
 Oh, give HIM the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|---|--------|--------|
| A few more years shall roll . . . | D.S.M | 413 |
| A hymn for martyrs sweetly sing . | D.L.M | 344 |
| A living stream as crystal clear . | C. M. | 193 |
| A mountain fastness is our God . | P. M. | 189 |
| Abide with me fast falls the eventide | II-5 | 327 |
| Again the Lord's own day is here . | L. M. | 303 |
| Alleluia song of sweetness . . . | III-3 | 37 |
| All glory laud and honour . . . | II-6 | 64 |
| All hail adored Trinity | L. M. | 120 |
| All glorious God what hymns of praise | L. M. | 172 |
| All hail the power of Jesus' Name | C. M. | 205 |
| All ye who seek for sure relief . . | C. M. | 169 |
| Almighty Father, bless the word . | L. M. | 308 |
| Almighty Lord, before Thy throne | C. M. | 379 |
| Although the vine its fruit deny . | II-1 | 385 |
| Angels from the realms of glory . | III-5 | 24 |
| Angels lament, behold your God . | C. M. | 74 |
| Angels roll the rock away ! . . . | III-1 | 88 |
| And are we now brought near to God | C. M. | 138 |
| And wilt Thou O, Eternal God . . | L. M. | 150 |
| Arm of the Lord, awake ! awake ! | L. M. | 399 |
| As with gladness men of old . . . | III-2 | 31 |
| As when the weary traveller gains | L. M. | 220 |
| As now the suns declining rays . | C. M. | 326 |
| Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep . . | L. M. | 407 |
| At the Cross her station keeping . | P. M. | 77 |
| At the Lamb's high feast we sing . | III-1 | 84 |
| Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, | C. M. | 219 |
| Awake, ye saints, awake ; | II-4 | 297 |
| Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide | C. M. | 290 |
| Before Jehovah's awful Throne . | L. M. | 208 |
| Before the ending of the day . . | L. M. | 325 |
| Begin my soul, th' exalted lay . . | II-1. | 291 |
| Behold the messengers of Christ . | C. M. | 360 |
| Behold the Lamb of God ! | P. M. | 57 |
| Behold the radiant, countless host | C. M. | 409 |
| Be joyful in God, all ye lands of earth | IV-3 | 207 |
| Blest Trinity, from mortal sight . | L. M. | 116 |
| Blest is the tie that binds | S. M. | 176 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns |
|---|--------|-------|
| Blest are the pure in heart . . . | S. M. | 237 |
| Blest Creator of the light . . . | III-1 | 334 |
| Bless'd be Thou the God of Israel . | III-3 | 226 |
| Blessed city, heavenly Salem . . | III-3 | 151 |
| Blessed Jesus, here we stand . . . | P. M. | 130 |
| Blow ye the trumpet blow ! . . . | II-4. | 164 |
| Bread of the world in mercy broken | P. M. | 140 |
| Bread of Heaven on Thee we feed . | III-1 | 141 |
| Brief life is here our portion . . . | II-6 | 181 |
| Brightest and best the sons of morning | P. M. | 28 |
| Captains of the saintly band . . . | III-1 | 340 |
| Come Holy Ghost, who ever one . . | L. M. | 318 |
| Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire | L. M. | 101 |
| Come Holy Ghost ! Creator, come | C. M. | 102 |
| Come Holy Ghost ! Creator blest, . | L. M. | 135 |
| Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, | C. M. | 103 |
| Come hither ye faithful | P. M. | 26 |
| Come Lord, and warm each languid heart . | C. M. | 224 |
| Come gracious Spirit, heavenly dove | L. M. | 110 |
| Come pure hearts in sweetest measure | P. M. | 353 |
| Come Thou Almighty King | P. M. | 231 |
| Come let us join our cheerful songs | C. M. | 295 |
| Come Thou Holy Spirit come : . . | III-1 | 108 |
| Come sing with holy gladness . . . | II-6 | 425 |
| Come see the place where Jesus lay | II-1 | 87 |
| Come ye thankful people come . . . | III-1 | 372 |
| Conquering kings their titles take . | III-1 | 235 |
| Children of the Heavenly King . . | III-1 | 199 |
| Christ's awake salute the happy morn | P. M. | 22 |
| Christ's foe becomes His soldier . . | II-6 | 348 |
| Christ from the dead is raised . . . | C. M. | 93 |
| Christ in highest heaven enthroned | III-4 | 361 |
| Christ is risen ! Christ is risen ! . | III-2 | 83 |
| Christ is made the sure foundation | III-3 | 152 |
| Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day . . | III-1 | 79 |
| Christ the Lord is risen to-day . . | III-1 | 80 |
| Christ the Lord is risen again . . . | III-1 | 85 |
| Christ whose glory fills the skies . | III-1 | 34 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre | Hymns. |
|---------------------------------------|-------|--------|
| Creator of the world, to Thee . . | L. M. | 40 |
| Creator Spirit by whose aid, . . | L. M. | 109 |
| Daughter of Zion, from the dust . | C. M. | 401 |
| Day of wrath! that day of mourning | P. M. | 14 |
| Defend me Lord from shame . . | S. M. | 287 |
| Disowned of heaven, by man oppress'd | L. M. | 404 |
| Dread Jehoyah! God of nations, . | III-3 | 380 |
| Earth has many a noble city . . | III-3 | 35 |
| Eternal Father, strong to save . . | II-3 | 416 |
| Far from my heavenly home . . | S. M. | 241 |
| Father of all, whose love profound | L. M. | 115 |
| Father of mercies! bow Thine ear | L. M. | 145 |
| Father of mercies! in Thy word . | C. M. | 159 |
| Father to Thee my soul I lift . . | C. M. | 167 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . | C. M. | 216 |
| Faith leaves our gloomy vale of night | L. M. | 217 |
| For Thy dear saint, O Lord, . . | S. M. | 359 |
| For Thy mercy and Thy grace . . | III-1 | 389 |
| For thee, O dear dear country . . | II-6 | 182 |
| For Thee O God our constant praise | L. M. | 275 |
| Forth in Thy Name O Lord I go . | L. M. | 317 |
| Fountain of mercy, God of love . | C. M. | 370 |
| Forever here my rest shall be . . | C. M. | 188 |
| First of martyrs, Thou, whose Name | III-1 | 341 |
| From all that dwell below the skies | L. M. | 394 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains . | II-6 | 397 |
| From highest heaven, th' eternal Son | II-3 | 247 |
| 'Gainst what foeman art thou rushing | III-5 | 349 |
| God eternal, mighty king . . . | III-1 | 422 |
| God of mercy. God of grace . . . | III-2 | 36 |
| God our Fathers; by whose hand | C. M. | 223 |
| God of our life; to Thee we call . | L. M. | 381 |
| God of the seas! Thine awful voice | C. M. | 414 |
| God is our refuge in distress . . | II-2 | 56 |
| God my king, Thy might confessing | III-3 | 212 |
| God moves in a mysterious way . | C. M. | 269 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|---------------------------------------|--------|--------|
| God shall charge His angel legions | III-3 | 277 |
| God the Father, from Thy throne | P. M. | 337 |
| God the Lord, a king remaineth . | III-5 | 417 |
| God, Who madest earth and heaven | P. M. | 329 |
| God's perfect law converts the soul | C. M. | 272 |
| God's temple crowns the holy mount | L. M. | 259 |
| Go forth ye heralds in my Name . | L. M. | 143 |
| Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord, | L. M. | 144 |
| Go to dark Gethsemane | III-2 | 71 |
| Glory to Thee my God this night . | L. M. | 320 |
| Glory to Thee who safe has kept . | L. M. | 312 |
| Glory to Thee O, Lord, | S. M. | 345 |
| Glory to thee Father give | III-1 | 419 |
| Grace! 'tis a charming sound . . | S. M. | 165 |
| Gracious Saviour, gentle shepherd | III-3 | 424 |
| Great God, what do I see and hear | II-7. | 12 |
| Great God! this sacred day of Thine | II-3. | 293 |
| Great God! to Thee my evening song | L. M. | 321 |
| Great God! who hid from mortal sight | L. M. | 333 |
| Great God with wond'r and with praise | C. M. | 158 |
| Great mover of all hearts whose hand | II-1. | 44 |
| Great shepherd of Thy people hear | C. M. | 155 |
| Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah | III-3 | 218 |
| | | |
| Hail! holy, holy, holy, Lord! . . | C. M. | 121 |
| Hail! Thou once despisest Jesus . | III-3. | 66 |
| Hail! Thou long expected Jesus . | III-3 | 3 |
| Hail the day that sees Him rise . | III-3 | 96 |
| Hail to the Lords anointed! . . . | II-6. | 27 |
| Hark a thrilling voice is sounding; | III-3 | 5 |
| Hark the herald angels sing . . . | III-1 | 18 |
| Hark the glad sound, Saviour comes | C. M. | 2 |
| Hark! what mean those holy voices | III-3 | 24 |
| Have mercy Lord, on me | S. M. | 52 |
| Have mercy on us, God most high | C. M. | 119 |
| Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing | III-3 | 423 |
| Heirs of unending life | S. M. | 227 |
| Here in Thy Name, eternal God . | L. M. | 154 |
| He's come, let every knee be bent, | C. M. | 104 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|--|--------|--------|
| He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained . | L. M. | 274 |
| He, who once in righteous vengeance | III-4 | 67 |
| High on the bending willows hung | L. M. | 405 |
| Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God almighty | P. M. | 117 |
| Holy Father! Great Creator! . . . | III-5 | 118 |
| Hosanna to the Living Lord; . . . | L. M. | 9 |
| How beauteous are their feet . . . | S. M. | 38 |
| How blest were they who walked in love | L. M. | 42 |
| How bright those glorious spirits shine | C. M. | 351 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus sounds | C. M. | 203 |
| How wondrous and great | IV-1. | 402 |
| I love Thy kingdom, Lord | S. M. | 175 |
| I'll wash my hands in innocence . . | C. M. | 157 |
| In grief and fear, to Thee O Lord | C. M. | 387 |
| In loud exalted strains | II-4. | 299 |
| In mercy not in wrath | S. M. | 270 |
| In Thee I put my steadfast trust . . | C. M. | 259 |
| In the vineyard of our Father . . . | P. M. | 427 |
| Jesus! and shall it ever be | L. M. | 215 |
| Jesus Christ is risen to-day | III-1 | 82 |
| Jesus grant me this I pray | III-1 | 242 |
| Jesus Lord, we kneel before Thee . . | III-5 | 48 |
| Jesus lives; no longer now | P. M. | 92 |
| Jesus! my Saviour look on me . . . | P. M. | 296 |
| Jesus my strength, my hope | S. M. | 286 |
| Jesus our hope, our hearts desire . . | C. M. | 100 |
| Jesus Saviour of my soul | III-1 | 191 |
| Jesus shall reign where ere the sun | L. M. | 393 |
| Jesus Thy blood and righteousness | L. M. | 190 |
| Jesus Thy mercies are untold | C. M. | 236 |
| Jesus the very thought of Thee . . . | C. M. | 195 |
| Jesus the very thought is sweet . . | L. M. | 265 |
| Jerusalem, my happy home | C. M. | 184 |
| Jerusalem the golden! | II-6. | 183 |
| Join all the glorious names | II-4. | 288 |
| Joy to the world! the Lord is come! | C. M. | 34 |
| Just as I am, without one plea . . . | P. M. | 187 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre | Hymns. |
|---|-------|--------|
| Let every heart exulting beat . . . | L. M. | 248 |
| Let me with light and truth be bless'd | L. M. | 258 |
| Let me not, Thou king eternal, . . | P. M. | 13 |
| Let saints on earth in concert sing | L. M. | 408 |
| Lights abode, celestial Salem . . . | III-3 | 292 |
| Lights glittering morn bedecks the sky | L. M. | 81 |
| Light of those whose dreary dwelling | III-3 | 16 |
| Lo! He comes with clouds descending | III-5 | 1 |
| Lo! now is our accepted day . . . | L. M. | 45 |
| Lo round the throne, a glorious band | L. M. | 367 |
| Lo what a cloud of witnesses . . . | C. M. | 406 |
| Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee. | C. M. | 201 |
| Lord! dismiss us with Thy blessing | III-5 | 309 |
| Lord, forever at Thy side, . . . | III-1 | 197 |
| Lord, go with us and we go . . . | III-1 | 418 |
| Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead | C. M. | 336 |
| Lord, let me know my term of days | C. M. | 412 |
| Lord of the worlds above . . . | II-4. | 304 |
| Lord of the harvest, once again . . | II-3. | 373 |
| Lord pour Thy spirit from on high | L. M. | 147 |
| Lord, Thine appointed servants bless | C. M. | 148 |
| Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven; . | III-3 | 123 |
| Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee . . . | III-3 | 200 |
| Lord, when we bend before Thy throne | C. M. | 53 |
| Lord Divine, all love excelling . . | III 3 | 202 |
| Magnify Jehovah's name . . . | III-1 | 263 |
| Morn of morns, and day of days; . . | III-1 | 301 |
| Nortals, awake, with angels join, . | C. M. | 23 |
| My faith looks up to Thee . . . | P. M. | 134 |
| My God, and is Thy table spread . | L. M. | 137 |
| My God accept my heart this day | C. M. | 133 |
| My God, how wonderful Thou art, | C. M. | 238 |
| My God, my Father, while I stray | | 243 |
| My God, permit me not to be, . . . | L. M. | 46 |
| My God, when at Thy throne I bend | L. M. | 228 |
| My opening eyes with rapture see . | L. M. | 300 |
| My Saviour! as Thou wilt! . . . | P. M. | 239 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|--------------------------------------|--------|--------|
| Nearer my God, to Thee | P. M. | 230 |
| New every morning is the love . . | L. M. | 315 |
| No change of time shall ever shock | L. M. | 177 |
| Not by the martyr's death alone . | L. M. | 363 |
| Now from the altar of our hearts . | C. M. | 323 |
| Now may the God of grace and power | L. M. | 384 |
| Now my soul, Thy voice upraising | III-3 | 62 |
| Now thank we all, our God . . . | P. M. | 376 |
| Now that the daylight fills the sky | L. M. | 313 |
| Now the shades of night are gone . | III-1 | 311 |
| O bless the Lord, my soul, | S. M. | 262 |
| O Bless'd Day, when first was poured | L. M. | 347 |
| O come, O come, Emanuel, | II-3 | 11 |
| O come and mourn with me awhile, | L. M. | 73 |
| O Christ, Redeemer of our race . | L. M. | 25 |
| O Christ, Who dost prepare a place | L. M. | 251 |
| O come loud anthems let us sing . | L. M. | 279 |
| O Christ, who is the Light and Day | L. M. | 335 |
| O Day of rest and gladness | II-6 | 122 |
| O Father Thou who hast created all | P. M. | 126 |
| O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord . | C. M. | 250 |
| O God of truth, O Lord of night . | L. M. | 306 |
| O God of all the strength and power | L. M. | 330 |
| O God of Love, O king of Peace . | L. M. | 383 |
| O God our help in ages past, . . | C. M. | 185 |
| O God my heart is fully bent . . . | C. M. | 281 |
| O God, my gracious God to Thee . | II-2 | 307 |
| O God, my heart is fix'd 'tis bent . | L. M. | 255 |
| O God, Thy soldier's great reward | L. M. | 358 |
| O God, unseen, yet ever near . . . | C. M. | 142 |
| O guardian of the Church Divine . | L. M. | 146 |
| O happy day, that stays my choice | L. M. | 131 |
| O heavenly Jerusalem | II-6 | 366 |
| O heavenly word, eternal light, . | L. M. | 10 |
| O help us Lord, each hour of need | C. M. | 232 |
| O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, | L. M. | 114 |
| O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace . . . | C. M. | 113 |
| O Holy Content to dwell | L. M. | 421 |
| O Jesus, king most wonderful . . . | C. M. | 268 |

| FIRST LINE. | M. tre | Hymns. |
|---|--------|--------|
| O Jesus, Lord of Light and grace | L. M. | 316 |
| O Lord, in perfect bliss above . . . | L. M. | 41 |
| O Lord, turn not Thy face from us | C. M. | 58 |
| O Lord most high eternal king . . . | L. M. | 97 |
| O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills . . | L. M. | 149 |
| O Lord behold before Thy throne . . | L. M. | 426 |
| O love who formedst me to wear . . . | II-3 | 249 |
| O love, how deep ! how broad ! how | L. M. | 266 |
| O light, whose beams illumine all [high | II-3 | 253 |
| O Paradise ! O Paradise ! | P. M. | 293 |
| O praise the Lord in that blest place | L. M. | 210 |
| O praise ye the Lord, | IV-1 | 211 |
| O render thanks and bless the Lord | C. M. | 280 |
| O sacred Head surrounded | II-6 | 69 |
| O sacred Head, now wounded | II-6 | 75 |
| O Saviour who for man hast trod . . . | L. M. | 98 |
| O Sion, open wide thy gates | C. M. | 350 |
| O sinner, lift the eye of faith | II-7 | 70 |
| O Spirit of the Living God, | L. M. | 395 |
| O Thou to whose all creatures bow | C. M. | 271 |
| O Thou to whom all searching sight | L. M. | 47 |
| O Thou who dost to man accord | II-1 | 51 |
| O Thou from whom all goodness flow | C. M. | 192 |
| O Thou whose all redeeming might | L. M. | 355 |
| O Trinity, most blessed light | L. M. | 332 |
| O 'twas a joyful sound to hear | C. M. | 156 |
| O with due rev'rence let us all | C. M. | 153 |
| O where shall rest be found | S. M. | 222 |
| O worship the king | IV-1 | 252 |
| O'er mountain tops the mount of God | C. M. | 39 |
| O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . . | III-5 | 403 |
| Oft in danger, oft in woe | III-1 | 234 |
| Oh, what if we are Christ's | S. M. | 339 |
| Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be | C. M. | 8 |
| On the mourtain's top appearing | III-5 | 30 |
| Once more the solemn season calls | C. M. | 50 |
| On this day the first of days | III 1 | 302 |
| Out of the deep I call | S. M. | 289 |
| Our Lord is risen from the dead | L. M. | 95 |
| Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed | C. M. | 111 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|--|--------|--------|
| Praise my soul, the king of heaven, | III-3 | 233 |
| Praise, O praise our God and king, | III-1 | 371 |
| Praise to God; immortal praise . . | III-2 | 369 |
| Praise to God, who reigns above, . . | L. M. | 362 |
| Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore | III-3 | 246 |
| Praise we the Lord this day . [Him | S. M. | 352 |
| Regard my words, O gracious Lord, | C. M. | 319 |
| Rejoice to-day with one accord, : | P. M. | 378 |
| Rejoice! the Lord is king! . . . | P. M. | 229 |
| Resting from His work to-day . . | III-1 | 78 |
| Ride on! ride on in majesty . . . | L. M. | 65 |
| Rise! crown'd and light, imperial Sa- lem rise! . . . | II-5 | 29 |
| Rise my soul and stretch thy wings | P. M. | 198 |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . . | III-2 | 186 |
| Ruler of the hosts of light . . . | III-1 | 112 |
| Saviour, sprinkle many nations . . | III-3 | 392 |
| Saviour, source of every blessing, | III-3 | 163 |
| Saviour! who Thy flock art feeding | III-3 | 124 |
| Saviour, when night involves the skies | L. M. | 310 |
| Saviour when in dust to Thee . . | III-2 | 76 |
| Salvation doth to God belong . . | L. M. | 377 |
| Salvation! oh, the joyful sound, . | C. M. | 173 |
| See He comes! whom every nation | III-3 | 6 |
| See the destined day arise! . . . | III-1 | 72 |
| Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing | P. M. | 20 |
| Sinner rouse thee from thy sleep . | III-1 | 284 |
| Since Christ our passover is slain . | C. M. | 91 |
| Sing my soul, His wondrous love . | III-1 | 168 |
| Sing to the Lord, a new made song | C. M. | 7 |
| Sion's daughter, weep no more . | III-2 | 68 |
| Softly now the light of day . . . | III-1 | 322 |
| Soldiers of Christ, arise, . . . | S. M. | 127 |
| Soldiers, who are Christ's below . | III-1 | 129 |
| Songs of praise the angels sing; . | III-1 | 214 |
| Sovereign ruler of the skies . . . | III-1 | 171 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|---|--------|--------|
| Spirit of mercy truth and love . | L. M. | 106 |
| Spirit of truth! on this Thy day . | C. M. | 105 |
| Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear | L. M. | 324 |
| Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go, | II-3. | 328 |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my king | L. M. | 305 |
| Sweet the moments rich in blessing | III-3 | 49 |
| Take up thy Cross! the Saviour said | L. M. | 204 |
| That day of wrath, that dreadful day | L. M. | 15 |
| The ancient law departs | S. M. | 346 |
| The day of resurrection! | II-6. | 94 |
| The earth O Lord, is one wide field | C. M. | 338 |
| The eternal gifts of Christ the king | L. M. | 357 |
| The great forerunner of the morn . | L. M. | 356 |
| The gentle Saviour calls | S. M. | 125 |
| The God of Abraham praise . . . | P. M. | 206 |
| The Head that once was crowned with thorns . | C. M. | 294 |
| The Lamb's high banq't called to share | S. M. | 86 |
| The life which Gods incarnate word | C. M. | 342 |
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare | II-3. | 160 |
| The Lord unto my Lord thus spake | II-2. | 264 |
| The Lord Himself, the mighty Lord | C. M. | 273 |
| The name of our God | IV-1 | 276 |
| The people that in darkness sat . | C. M. | 32 |
| The royal banners forward go . . | L. M. | 59 |
| The roseate hues of early dawn . | C. M. | 244 |
| The race that long in darkness pined | C. M. | 19 |
| The spirit in our hearts | S. M. | 283 |
| The starry firmament on high . | L. M. | 161 |
| The strain upraise of joy and praise | P. M. | 209 |
| The strife is o'er the battle done . | P. M. | 90 |
| The Son of God goes forth to war . | C. M. | 180 |
| The spacious firmament on high . | L. M. | 162 |
| The year is gone beyond recall . | C. M. | 390 |
| Thee will I bless, my God my king | C. M. | 213 |
| There is a blessed home | P. M. | 364 |
| There is a book who runs may read | C. M. | 43 |
| There is a fountain filled with blood | C. M. | 166 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|---|--------|--------|
| There is a land of pure delight . . | C. M. | 225 |
| Thou, whose almighty word, . . | P. M. | 398 |
| Thou art the way to Thee alone . | C. M. | 196 |
| Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore Thee . | P. M. | 410 |
| Thou art gone up on high . . . | S. M. | 99 |
| Thou God all honour power . . . | C. M. | 136 |
| Through day Thy love hath spared us | III-4 | 331 |
| Through all the changing scenes of life | C. M. | 54 |
| Thine forever ! God of love ! . . | III-1 | 285 |
| 'Tis by Thy strength mountains stand | C. M. | 374 |
| Time hastens on ye longing saints | C. M. | 388 |
| Thy chastening wrath, O Lord restrain | C. M. | 386 |
| Thy presence Lord, hath me supplied | L. M. | 261 |
| To bless Thy chosen race . . . | S. M. | 256 |
| To celebrate Thy praise O Lord . | C. M. | 254 |
| To Christ the Prince of peace . . | S. M. | 240 |
| To our Redeemer's glorious name . | C. M. | 174 |
| To the name of our salvation . . | III-3 | 245 |
| To Jesus, our exalted love . . . | L. M. | 139 |
| Triumphant Zion ! lift thy head . | L. M. | 179 |
| Watchman ! tell us of the night, . | III-1 | 4 |
| We build with fruitless cost, unless | C. M. | 282 |
| We sing the praise of Him who died | L. M. | 60 |
| What our Father does is well . . | III-1 | 375 |
| What star is this with beams so bright | L. M. | 33 |
| When God of old, came down from heaven, . | C. M. | 107 |
| When I pour out my soul in prayer | L. M. | 267 |
| When in the hour of utmost need | L. M. | 382 |
| When I survey the wondrous cross | L. M. | 61 |
| When Jesus left His heavenly throne | C. M. | 420 |
| When Lord, to this, our Western land | II-1. | 396 |
| When our heads are bowed with we | III-1 | 411 |
| When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming . | IV-5. | 415 |
| Where high the heavenly temple stands | L. M. | 55 |
| While shepherds watched their flock by night . | C. M. | 17 |

| FIRST LINE. | Metre. | Hymns. |
|--|--------|--------|
| While Thee I seek protecting power | C. M. | 221 |
| While with ceaseless course the sun | III-1 | 391 |
| Who are there in bright array ? . | III-1 | 318 |
| Who are there like stars appearing | III-4 | 365 |
| Who is this that comes from Edom | III-4 | 63 |
| With Christ we share a mystic grace | C. M. | 128 |
| With glory clad, with strength arrayed | L. M. | 278 |
| With joy shall I behold the day . | II-1. | 178 |
| With one consent let all the earth . | L. M. | 260 |
| Witness ye men and angels now . | C. M. | 132 |
| Word supreme, before creation . | III-3 | 343 |
| | | |
| Ye choirs of new Jerusalem . . | C. M. | 89 |
| Ye christian heralds go proclaim . | L. M. | 400 |
| Ye fields of light, celestial plains . | II-1. | 170 |
| Ye servants of the Lord . . . | C. M. | 194 |
| Ye servants of our glorious king . | L. M. | 354 |

52
